

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The CCF, NATO and West Germany

► WE HAVE AT LAST had a debate in the Canadian House of Commons on foreign policy, and the result has been to reveal a deep division of opinion which has split one of the political parties and which, one suspects, spreads far beyond that party among the Canadian people at large. Hitherto most of the discussions in parliament during the King, St. Laurent and Pearson periods have not been on foreign policy at all. They have merely been occasions on which various speakers rose and expressed their aspirations about the kind of world they would like. You only pass over from this sort of thing to policy when you ask yourself what price you are prepared to pay for your aspirations, what risks you are prepared to run to see them realized. It was policy in this genuine sense with which the debate from January 20 to 26 was concerned. Parliament authorized the government to undertake certain concrete commitments about the rearmament of West Germany and its admittance to NATO.

The difference between this and one of the King-type debates—which continued to flourish long after Mr. King's retirement—was that at the end of one of those earlier debates no one knew what Mr. King's policy really was, and no division took place which determined any course of action or inaction. If our parliamentarians get into this new habit of talking about our policy and making decisions on it, instead of indulging in philosophic disquisitions on other people's policies and on aspirations, this will be a sign that at least we have become a responsible adult nation.

Real debates about policy also are likely to arouse tempers. And one of the things which made the CCF look bad in this debate was the rather vulgar vituperation of Mr. Colin Cameron.

Nothing new was said about the German problem in the course of the debate. The majority group in the CCF who were so fearful of German rearmament gave no new reasons for their fear and—much more important—failed to present any real alternative practical policy. They are still talking about their own aspirations for a better world and about the moral depravity of the German people. One might expect that a party with so many stalwart Christians among its spokesmen would show a more lively understanding of the duty of Christian forgiveness, not to mention the fact that in a Christian view of life we are all sinners together. That there are demonic forces in German society which may con-

tinue to be dangerously powerful is something which no sensible informed person would deny. But surely it is obvious that the best way of encouraging the liberal democratic forces in Germany is to show some faith in them now that they are in power. And, anyway, there is no safe policy about Germany; all possible policies involve grave risks.

The closest that any of the CCF dissentients came to a policy was the proposal for a reunited, disarmed neutralized Germany, to be achieved with the blessings of Moscow. Surely it is impossible not to see that this policy, with the West retiring from the German scene, runs the certain risk of communist infiltration and absorption of a helpless German people.

What was most significant about the debate, however, was not the discussion of the German problem, though this was in the forefront of all the CCF speeches. It was the inarticulate major premise which lurked behind all the expressed arguments of the CCF majority. The final decision of these speakers was not really determined by their beliefs about the nature of German nationalism but by their beliefs about the nature of Soviet Communism. What they really believe is that we don't need to rearm Western Germany because Communism is not really a danger any more. We can make a deal with it if we will only hold just one more conference.

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Current Comment

Formosa

The Formosan crisis is not a conflict of right and wrong that can be settled by legal decisions. It is a conflict of policies based on considerations of interest and prestige, and diplomatic action may at any time be superseded by force. A strong American hand has been played rather clumsily against a weak Chinese hand played with consummate skill. The deliberately vague bluff by Mr. Dulles ("keep them guessing") has been called and, as was inevitable, has been followed up by a precise threat not unlikely to result in war.

The Yalta conference decided to deprive Japan of Formosa and the Pescadores and to allot the islands to China. This decision did not rest on a doctrine that territory acquired in war should be returned to its former owners, for such a doctrine would have stripped each of the great powers of cherished possessions. The decision was based on distrust of Japan and sympathy for China.

Effect has been given to the first half of this decision. Japan no longer owns the islands. It is impossible to give effect to the second half to the satisfaction of all concerned. There is disagreement as to who constitutes the Government of China; and there is, indeed, no general wish to treat Formosa like other Chinese territory, for the great powers have long ceased to act in concert and the island may be of strategic importance.

On the strategic issue a compromise among the great powers might be possible. Formosa and the Pescadores might, for instance, be neutralized and left to determine their own future by free elections, while the Central People's Government might be allowed to occupy the coastal islands, as ancillary to the mainland of China.

Even if neutralization satisfied the great powers neither the Nationalist Government nor the Central People's Government could, with dignity, be a party to such a compromise. The former could not renounce its claim to represent China at the United Nations, where the Security Council honors its credentials; the latter could not appear at the United Nations where the Nationalist Government would speak in the name of China. Indeed, the invitation to appear was incredibly naive and verged on the insulting.

This consideration of prestige—or, to use a kinder word, of self-respect—is a danger to a peaceful settlement. An even greater danger is the enormous propaganda value of a conspicuous grievance to the Central People's Government, which cannot hope to succeed in war, but which has little or nothing to lose by prolonging the crisis and can take a delight in baiting the United States.

To the United States the crisis is distasteful and to the United Nations it is potentially disastrous. It follows that the Central People's Government can expect to exact a price for its termination. It is not likely to ask for less than acceptance as a member of the Security Council, and not likely to settle for less than the exclusion of the National Government from the Council and renunciation of its claim to be a government of China whether in occupation of Chinese territory or in exile.

There is a spice of danger in baiting the United States and Chinese negotiators may be over-confident in their skill and patience. It is to be hoped that their confidence is not ill-founded, for if they should irritate the United States beyond endurance the outcome would be a war in which others —

first the U.S.S.R., then Canada, might be involved. Canadians cannot, therefore, look on with detached amusement at the entertaining diplomatic game of extortion. H. F. ANGUS

Commonwealth Conference

The Commonwealth prime ministers have again met in conference in London and the results are again more to be speculated upon than specified since the meetings are always shrouded in vagueness. No agenda is published; no detailed report of the sessions is distributed; and no concrete decisions are announced. This conference varied only in that two final communiques were issued rather than one, but they were typically full of generalizations.

In spite of this, something may have been accomplished in the nine day discussion, though it is hard to tell. Nothing further, for instance, was heard about South Africa's relation to the Commonwealth although Pakistan declared its policy to become a republic within the Commonwealth. In another connection it was rumoured that India might emerge as a mediator between Communist China and the U.S.A. in the touchy Formosa straits problem. The other Commonwealth governments apparently supported the American position.

To what extent the latter was the result of Lester Pearson's persuasiveness is a nice question. Certainly Mr. St. Laurent took him along at the last minute to explain the American attitude to the conference. Looking back on this session of the prime ministers, historians may take it as one of the best examples of Canada's playing its celebrated "connecting link" role between the U.S.A. and the Commonwealth. If so,

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it illustrates as well the value of the Commonwealth as a forum for the discussion of international affairs.

Whether or not Canada's role has anything to do with it, it is interesting to note the fuss made over Mr. St. Laurent this time. He was pictured frequently next to Churchill as the obvious "senior" Dominion representative, and having been accorded the honorary freedom of the City of London in the presence of a great body of dignitaries, including five other Commonwealth prime ministers, he was toasted by the Lord Mayor as "one of the greatest of the Empire's statesmen."

CBC: Strike One

The first two weeks of February were enlivened by the charges and counter-charges flying between the CBC and its technicians, while the public waited to see if NABET (the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians) was really going to call a strike on February 16. Fortunately the early belligerence turned out to be more sound than fury, and an agreement was reached four days before the deadline.

Although the threatened strike is now past history, some of the problems stirred up by the dispute will be with us for years. On the whole, the CBC got the dirty end of the stick as far as publicity was concerned. This was partly because officials of a crown company are not able to meet union attacks in kind, but it was also because there has grown up in Canada a tendency to criticize anything and everything about the CBC simply because it is a publicly-owned enterprise. This attitude has been deliberately fostered by the publicity agents of the private radio stations, and we think it is time to call a halt.

The union sought to give the impression that wages in the CBC were depressed, and that the hard-hearted officials were obstinately refusing to meet their modest demands. These demands ranged from 20 per cent at the bottom of the scale to almost 70 per cent at the top, or an average increase of 45 per cent. The varying wage scales and classifications made it difficult to get a clear picture, but two-thirds of the technicians fell within one group which rose from a 'starting wage of \$56 a week to \$80 after six years' service.

The CBC argued, and it was sustained by the conciliation board in a well-balanced brief, that its wage scale had more than kept pace with the cost of living and with the general increase of wages in Canadian industry; that its rates compared favorably with those prevailing in other companies which engage similar personnel (notably the electronics and communications industries), and that its fringe benefits were much more generous.

The fact that even the union nominee on the conciliation board could not bring himself to recommend more than a 12 per cent increase, and that the union eventually settled for a 5 per cent general raise (plus some adjustment of maximums and grievances) indicate that the original demands were greatly inflated.

Meanwhile, surprisingly little publicity has been given to another fact: that operators working for private radio stations in Ontario are receiving an average of \$25 or \$30 a week. While wages in the CBC may not be as high as the technicians would like, surely their union's major attack should be directed toward improving these shockingly low rates in an industry which, by all accounts, has made substantial fortunes for its owners. The CBC is not a profit-making organization, and while its employees are entitled to a decent living, they are not entitled to take advantage of the CBC's public status to demand from it substantially more than they could hope to obtain for comparable work elsewhere in Canada.

Democracy Triumphs in Costa Rica

Recent events in Costa Rica represent a signal triumph for progressive democracy in Latin America. Not only was the democratic and virtually unarmed Costa Rica of President Jose Figueres able to turn back an invasion of so-called "rebels" backed by the heavily armed Dictator Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua; but for the first time the whole weight of the Organization of American States was brought down on the side of democracy.

The government of President Figueres has become a symbol for all those elements of the Democratic Left in Latin America who are anxious to see democracy strengthened by the achievement of fundamental reforms which are long overdue. He is one of the few members of the Latin American Democratic Left who holds governmental power. His consciousness of the continental nature of the struggle for democratic social revolution has made him an outstanding figure throughout the hemisphere. His overthrow by a coalition of discredited politicians and neighboring dictators (backed surreptitiously by the Communists) would constitute a major disaster for democratic government throughout the New World.

For once the U.S. government showed an awareness of the issues involved. It had been warned many months before the invasion attempt that Somoza and other Caribbean dictators were planning the downfall of the Figueres regime. The State Department had given verbal assurances that it would act to prevent the violent overthrow of Figueres from abroad. It lived up to its promises.

There is no doubt that the quick action of the Organization of American States (OAS) in seeking to end the invasion of Costa Rica was taken on the initiative of the United States. The U.S. also showed its concern by its quick action of making military airplanes available to the Figueres government. The rapidity with which the OAS and the State Department moved certainly saved the Figueres regime.

Although all danger of further invasion has not disappeared, it seems unlikely at the present time that any other attempt to invade Costa Rica will be successful in the near future. The responsibility for his country's future is thus shifted back to the shoulders of Figueres and his associates. Three years of Don Pepe's term of office remain in which to carry out a program of social reform and economic development which will justify the faith which the forces of the Democratic Left of both Americas have put in him.

ROBERT J. ALEXANDER

Sidelight on a Middling Injustice

► TO TRANSFER residents of Toronto Island across a piece of water not much larger than a mill pond, the Toronto Transportation Commission has increased the fare from 10c per person to 30c with no transfer privileges on the city side.

Since the swindle has been thrashed out at length in the local newspapers there is no need for me to wrestle with the moral implications except to say that the TTC has turned a relatively honest group of commuters into a smug bunch of cheats and thieves. The Island people are gypping the Commission every chance they get and feel very good about it, too.

On the very first morning of the increased fares, the TTC felt so certain of its moral right to charge 30c a head that it bundled a platoon of sheepish cops down to the docks to

enforce that right. As further evidence of mutual good will, wire was strung up around the only exit.

This nonsense infuriated the Islanders and stung them to rude comment and vulgar pantomime. Angered by the appearance of the police, one dignified-looking old gentleman stopped dead in his tracks, assumed a lion-tamer's stance, whipped off his homburg and began to fan the air with it. "Mos-cow . . . Mos-cow . . . Mos-cow . . ." he chanted, taking queer little crouched steps backwards and forwards with each word and bewildering the grinning cops with his impromptu dance of outrage.

Most of the swindled took a less overt form of displaying their disgust: "Them used-car basstids is got us this time fer damn good an' sure," a man in a leather cap said. "Used-car" was a synonym for "crooked" the man explained later, and the term was born of sad experience.

A smiling elderly woman marched sweetly up to the ticket window, put in a single dime, and invited the fidgeting policeman to convoy her to the pokey. With very little in the way of tradition to back them up, the cops gave the intrepid soul an official frown and waved her by.

When, after three weeks of dwindling hope, it became evident to the Islanders that the used-car men at TTC had no intention of decreasing the fares, individual Fagans sprang up here and there along the lagoons.

A few reckless spirits had been cheating heretofore; but now a collective temptation began to take root. Braver (or more calloused) hearts gave lessons to their more timid brethren. People learned how to mass together and tear through the ticket passage as fast as possible, popping two nickels into the box instead of a quarter and a nickel. In the dark of evening, a nickel and a penny often did the trick. And for almost two weeks one monstrous fellow got away with two pennies wrapped in tinfoil.

Waiting in line for the tugs, people discussed the psychology of trickery and deceit with clear eyes and untroubled brows. The "barefaced" approach was the favorite one. "Look the clown straight in the eyes," said one veteran cheat. "Sort of hypnotize him; then bang in the slug while he's returning yer look."

It would be nice to report that only a fringe group engages in these activities, but there is evidence to show that young and old, sweet and sour, heretic and conformer all have their pet methods of beating the ticket box.

Probably the TTC men who work at the docks don't have their hearts in the squeeze and prefer to look the other way. Perhaps the poor policeman who stands beside the ticket window dreams of capturing second-storey men and is thus unaware of the swiftly moving fingers of the dear old lady in the feathered hat.

Still, this is the way big things generate. Who knows but what, in a year to two, a Brink's truck may be knocked off by a charming old biddy with pince-nez and a Sten gun who got her start by beating the farebox during the winter that the TTC chose to pick on the Islanders?

BARRY COUGHLIN

[The TTC capitulated before reading Mr. Coughlin.—Eds.]

Canadian Calendar

• Canada's two transcontinental railways announced on Jan. 29 the forthcoming dieselizing of their Montreal-Toronto to Vancouver services, which will enable them to reduce very considerably the running time on the transcontinental journey. The C.P.R. specifically announced a time-cut of 16 hours on the westward trip, 12½ on the eastward

trip. The C.N.R. did not mention a specific time-cut. The new schedules will become effective at midnight April 24.

• Sir Ernest MacMillan, after a quarter of a century as conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, has announced his intention to retire at the end of the 1955-56 season.

• The British Columbia Electric Co. Ltd., will spend \$38,500,000 on expansion of its facilities this year, its president, A. E. Graner has announced.

• Robert Hood Saunders, chairman of the Ontario Hydro Commission, four times mayor of Toronto, president of the Canadian National Exhibition, died in London, Ont., on Jan. 16, as the result of an aeroplane crash.

• The Canadian House of Commons voted approval of the protocol admitting the German Federal Republic to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization by a vote of 213 to 12 on Jan. 26.

• The Bank of Canada estimates the outstanding consumer credit bill of Canadians rose to a record \$1,855,000,000 at Sept. 30, 1954, an increase of \$19,000,000 from the previous quarter and a jump of more than \$100,000,000 from the previous year.

• External Affairs Minister Pearson indicated on Jan. 17 that the Government would be prepared to join the United States in an economic survey of the feasibility of the power project for harnessing the Bay of Fundy tides in Passamaquoddy Bay on the New Brunswick-Maine border.

• The Manitoba Government has agreed to appoint and pay for a five-man commission to plan an amalgamation of all Greater Winnipeg's essential services under a single board.

• President Smith of the University of Toronto, in an address to the Canadian Club of Toronto in January, stated that the present financial plight of Canadian universities leaves them vulnerable at two vital points, the quality of staff and the quality of students.

• Carloadings on Canadian railroads in the full year 1954 were 7 per cent below 1953 and receipts from connections were down 11 per cent, according to the Bureau of Statistics.

• The Ford of Canada strike was settled on Jan. 27 when it had run 109 days. Ford employees in three Ontario cities will receive an extra 7.25 cents an hour in fringe benefits immediately and a 4 cent an hour wage increase next June 15.

• A large and valuable collection of the personal papers and rare books of the English poet and critic, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, has been acquired by Victoria College, Toronto. The collection, which includes the manuscript of "Christabel," nine notebooks, 150 early editions and annotated notebooks and letters, was obtained from Coleridge's descendants by Professor Kathleen Coburn of the College Faculty.

• The Lions Gate Bridge over the First Narrows at Vancouver—the longest suspension bridge in the Commonwealth—has been purchased by the British Columbia Government from the First Narrows Bridge Co. for the price of \$5,959,060, it was announced by Premier Bennett on Jan. 21.

• The value of shipments from Canadian manufacturers dropped by \$171,355,000 to \$4,286,437,000 in the third quarter of 1954, the Bureau of Statistics reports.

• An atom power station is to be built in Canada and is expected to be producing its first power by early 1958, it was announced in Toronto on Jan. 24 by W. J. Bennett, president of the Crown Corporation, Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd.

• The tuberculosis death rate in the Province of Quebec, where as recently as the 1931-35 period it was 98.3 per 100,000 population, reached a record low of 15.5 per 100,000 in 1954 (an evidence of Quebec's tremendous accomplishment in public health in recent decades).

• The British Columbia Government announced in the throne speech at the opening of the Legislature on Jan. 25, plans to implement an experimental program for the treatment of narcotic addicts. It also announced a 10-year \$10,000,000 building program for the University of British Columbia.

• The Federal Government advised the Province of Quebec on Jan. 16 that it is willing to cut the Dominion income tax by 10 per cent in that province.

• A special committee of the Senate will be set up at the present session of Parliament to investigate illicit traffic in narcotics in Canada and to study methods of stamping out the growing menace.

• The Federal accounts showed a deficit of \$46,013,000 in December, moving the 1954-55 budget closer to the red. The surplus for the first nine months of the fiscal year has been cut to \$46,656,000, less than one-fifth of the \$240,381,000 surplus in the similar period of the previous year.

• Dr. R. C. Wallace, former principal of Queen's University, died in Kingston on Jan. 29.

• Woodpulp production in Canada in 1954 reached a new record high of 9,497,182 tons, compared with 8,904,256 tons in 1953, the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association reports.

• Estimates envisaging a total expenditure of \$4,826,900,000 during the 12 months starting next April 1 were tabled in the Commons on Jan. 28 by Finance Minister Harris.

• Construction of a building to house all Canadian Government offices except those of the External Affairs Department in London, England, is being planned at Ottawa.

• Canadian exports declined in 1954 for the second straight year, but a sharper drop in imports reduced the over-all foreign trade deficit. Exports dropped to \$3,945,700,000 down \$226,900,000 from \$4,172,600,000 in 1953. Imports dropped to \$4,094,600,000, down \$288,200,000 from the record \$4,382,800,000 in 1953.

• The Carnegie Foundation of New York announced on Jan. 30 grants totalling \$200,000 to three Canadian Universities (Laval, Memorial University, [St. John's], and Queen's).

• The first U.S. centre for research on the British Commonwealth will be established at Duke University under a \$350,000 grant from the Carnegie Foundation.

• Canadian companies paid their shareholders a total of \$59,508,547 in January 1955, compared with \$54,262,701 in January 1954.

• Construction of a \$4,000,000 paper converting plant on suburban Lulu Island will start in May, Crown-Zellerbach Canada Ltd., has announced in Vancouver.

• The Canadian Pacific Railway's net earnings in 1954 dropped more than \$1,850,000 from the previous year, according to a monthly financial statement of the company.



"Do you think it would help if we gave him Vancouver Island?"

● The national policy committee of the United Steelworkers of America, meeting in Hamilton on Feb. 1, endorsed a move to press for higher wages throughout the industry toward an established goal of parity with U.S. levels.

● An Oakville news-dealer states that the majority of horror comics are bought by adults and only 15 per cent by juveniles.

● According to a report made by a group of independent Canadian economists, Canada's third largest industry—electrical manufacturing—is facing a serious recession as a "direct result of foreign imports."

● Stepped-up prospecting for oil, uranium discoveries in its northeastern regions, new finds of base metals by the Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co., etc., are revealing a variety of natural resources in Saskatchewan which promises to alter its status as a wheat-producing area—and nothing more.

● The Works Department at Ottawa said on Feb. 2 that the estimated cost of restoring the library of Parliament, destroyed by fire in August 1954, has been revised by almost 150 per cent (\$2,398,000 instead of \$1,000,000).

● Total value of construction contract awards in Canada for January, 1955 — \$122,751,700 — surpassed the figure for January, 1954, by \$43,149,100. The largest gain was in engineering category (157 per cent), industrial, 84 per cent; residential, 75 per cent.

● Finance Minister Onesime Gagnon brought down a record budget in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec on Feb. 2, with revenues for 1955-56 estimated at \$331,857,200 against ordinary and capital expenditure of \$331,201,660.

● The Government-owned Pacific Great Eastern Railway in British Columbia has called tenders on the first 100 miles of the 270-mile extension from Prince George in Central B.C. into the Peace River area. Construction will continue on a \$10,000,000 contract linking the present southern terminus of the line at Squamish with Vancouver.

● Theodore Alen Heinrich, associate-curator of the Department of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has been appointed director of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. This is a new post involving overall responsibility for the museum.

● The Social Credit Government of British Columbia announced on Feb. 4 a budget calling for expenditure of \$211,814,341. Estimated revenue is \$194,522,469 — leaving a deficit of over \$17,000,000. The province has an accumulated surplus of over \$20,000,000 however.

● Pig iron production in Canada in 1954 declined 26 per cent to 2,213,433 tons from 3,012,269 tons in the previous year, according to the Bureau of Statistics. Steel ingot output was down 22 per cent to 3,113,822 tons from 4,009,813 tons.

● Canada's 1954 purchases of power farm machinery—tractors, combines and threshers—were at their lowest level in about ten years, the annual survey of the industry publication, *Canadian Farm Implements*, points out. Compared to 1953 totals, 1954 purchases showed the following declines: tractors, 33 per cent; combines, 65 per cent; threshers, 44 per cent.

● A dispute has arisen between the Federal Government and the Provincial Government of British Columbia over the right of the latter to allow the Columbia River to be dammed near Castlegar, B.C., so as to increase its power potential further downstream in the U.S. According to the Dominion, any province seeking to alter the flow of an international

river like the Columbia should only be allowed to do so by license of the Federal Cabinet. Last September, the B.C. Government signed an agreement with the Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp. under which the province was to get over \$1,000,000 a year in return for having a dam built on the Arrow Lakes, an expansion of the Columbia River.

● Sir Thomas White, former Canadian Minister of Finance in the Borden Cabinet during the First World War and Acting Prime Minister during Borden's absence at the Peace Conference, died in Toronto on Feb. 11, at the age of 88.

● The CBC announced on Feb. 8 that its International Service this month will increase daily short wave broadcasts about Canada to countries behind the Iron Curtain.

● Alan Hepburn Jarvis has been appointed director of the National Gallery of Canada, to succeed H. O. McCurry, who retires this summer.

● Edmonton officials estimate the value of industrial projects scheduled to be started or completed before the end of the year in the city and district at upwards of \$70,000,000.

● On Feb. 5 the Alberta Research Council gave unqualified endorsement to fluoridation of Alberta's public water supplies.

● On Feb. 1, Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation took its ceiling off the prices of houses built for sale under the National Housing Act.

● It was announced in the *Globe and Mail* of Toronto on Feb. 12 that that paper had been purchased by R. Howard Webster of Montreal, a son of the late Senator Lorne C. Webster.

● Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks at Dec. 31 last amounted to \$5,218,000,000 against \$5,167,000,000 at Nov. 30 and \$4,756,000,000 at Dec. 31, 1953.

Italy: A Political Anatomy

Vincent R. Tortora

► PRESENT DAY ITALY IS A LAND of sharp and tragic contrasts. In the cradle of Christianity and the center of Catholicism, more than one third of the people vote Communist. Some of the world's fastest and most beautiful cars speed over roads winding through a countryside where millions of farmers live, work, and think in medieval fashion. The present Prime Minister, Mario Scelba, is a marked conservative and the leader of his Christian Democrat Party is just as marked a liberal. Some of the world's foremost scientists, philosophers, writers, artists, and composers, have been developed in this country which has one of the highest illiteracy rates in Europe. The magnificent, world-famous *palazzi* and *villae* in which one of the most affluent upper classes in Europe lives can almost cast their shadows on the squalid caves or dismal drift-wood hovels in which one of Europe's most miserable lower classes lives. Anti-American sentiment is strong and rampant although Italy has been second only to Germany in sending emigrants to America.

The battles between antiquity and modernity, tradition and progress, mysticism and pragmatism, constantly rage bright. Feudalism, monarchism, ecclesiastical paternalism, and 19th century capitalism collide head on with land-reform, republicanism, anti-clericalism, and communism. In short, the present period in Italy is one of confused transi-

tion. The unsteady new Italy is trying to shed the tenacious old Italy. As is customary in this Latin country, it is being done with the maximum of fireworks.

Mario Scelba, a determined little man from Sicily, is the last in an unbroken line of Christian Democrat premiers and premier-designates who have run Italy since the end of the war. Dr. Alcide De Gasperi, one of the greatest political figures post-war Italy has produced, became leader of the Christian Democrat Party and premier in 1946 and remained in power until unseated by a sharply divided Parliament after the national elections of 1953. He was succeeded by several other members of his party, all of whose tenures of office were comparatively short. Present Premier Scelba has held office longer than any except De Gasperi. Indeed, every premier since the 1953 elections has sat very uneasily beneath a sword of Damocles.

In a governmental system where it is essential to enjoy at the minimum a simple majority in Parliament in order to gain votes of confidence, the centre parties, made up of a group of three minor parties (Social Democrats, Liberals and Republicans) and the Christian Democrats, have less than a 51 per cent majority. The 49 per cent minority is made up of the extreme left-wing bloc (Communists and Nenni Socialists) and the extreme right-wing bloc (neo-Fascists and Monarchists) who usually combine in attempting to overthrow the centre. Should one of the minor centre parties cease to collaborate with the Christian Democrats, the centre would no longer have a majority and the government would fall. This is exactly what happened last fall and winter when one man after another was designated as premier, only to fail to gain the confidence of Parliament. The minor centre parties refused to continue collaborating with the Christian Democrats as they had in previous years. It was only an all out effort by Scelba and the strong anti-communist program he proposed that brought them back into the government coalition.

The action of the small center parties last year in abandoning the Christian Democrats, or any similar action they may take in the future, can be readily justified in their terms by examining the voting statistics. In coalition with the Christian Democrats they have lost support with startling rapidity. The great national protest, which in the course of five years (1948-1953) pulled 15 per cent of the popular vote away from the Centre Coalition and awarded it to the extreme coalitions, hit the minor parties harder than it did the Christian Democrats. The Christian Democrat Party lost only 21 per cent of its votes between 1948 and 1953 and the other parties lost 37 per cent. It would appear, therefore, that these parties had hitched their wagons to an unlucky star.

If the Christian Democrat Party had lost as large a proportion of votes as the small parties, the Communists would now be in power in Italy. The major factor working in favor of the C.D. Party, however, has been the Catholic Church. Since the Christian Democrat Party was more or less founded by a priest, Don Luigi Sturzo, and since most of its members have always been staunch Catholics, the Church takes a rather close interest in it. But, the Church, in the final analysis, is first and foremost interested in preserving itself and stopping Communism. It sees in Christian Democracy the strongest anti-Communist force in Italy today. It is for this reason that priests preach Christian Democracy from the pulpit; nuns and monks leave their cloisters on election day to vote Christian Democrat; and children in Catholic schools have Christian Democracy drummed into them. Yet if the Christian Democrats should lose ground in the struggle against Communism or another force takes its place, it is quite likely that the Church would cease to support them.

From the very first days of the post-war period, when the Catholics again began to interest themselves in the affairs of

state after almost a century of political inaction, the Christian Democrat Party has contained two strongly opinionated factions. These two groups are themselves divided. It was only the anti-Communism and Catholicism which they all had in common that kept them united. Under different circumstances, these factions would have split into distinct and separate parties, as Italians are so wont to do. All the major opposition parties—the Monarchists, Fascists, Communists and Socialists—have suffered schisms at least once in the post-war period.

The present Premier, Mario Scelba, is generally considered to belong to the moderate right-wing of his party. His position is also quite pro-American. He and his close friends, Attilio Piccioni, Giuseppe Pella, and Guido Gonella, are more or less conservative politically. They are also members of the Catholic Action group of Luigi Gedda which is attempting to consolidate all militant Catholics into a strong anti-Communist force and set up a "confessional state."

The extreme right-wing of the Christian Democrat Party is represented by a group of industrialists and land-owners called *Vespisti*. Their leader is Carmine De Martino. They have a lot of influence within the Party. At one time, De Martino claimed that fully one third of the deputies representing the Christian Democrat Party in Parliament were his men.

Amintore Fanfani, one of the premier-designates who could not get a vote of confidence last year, was elected to the leadership of the Party this summer. He is generally considered to belong to the moderate left-wing of the Party. He and his close friends, Giorgio La Pira and Paolo Taviani, are quite liberal politically. They are also members of the Democratic Initiative group which is attempting to counter Catholic Action and bring about a re-evaluation of the Church's position in modern society.

The extreme left-wing of the Christian Democrat Party is represented by the C.I.S.L. labor union. Their leader is Giulio Pastore. His influence within the party is less than that of the *Vespisti*, or De Martino, but his influence with the voters is far greater. The C.I.S.L. in the last year or so has made some heartening gains against the Communist C.G.I.L. labor union. The C.I.S.L. is undoubtedly much closer to Fanfani than the *Vespisti* are to Scelba.

As the Communist and the neo-Fascist blocs become increasingly strong, the division between the various factions within the Christian Democrat Party becomes more marked. Each group blames the other. The right wing favors a militant anti-communism which would eventually put the Communist Party out of business. A small element would even favor an Italian McCarthy to work for the outlawing of the Party. The left wing favors a change in the social, political and ecclesiastical structure to the point where the conditions which breed communism are eliminated. A small element would even favor working with the Communists or, at least, with the Nenni Socialists.

Despite a policy of "militant anti-communism," the Scelba government has been going ahead with many social betterment programs. Assistance agencies have been set up, wage raises have been granted, and millions of acres have been redistributed.

Yet so far, the government has by no means been adequate in reversing the trend towards totalitarianism and its natural consequence, anti-Americanism. In only five years the neo-Fascist bloc has realized a 350 per cent gain in votes and the Communist bloc has gained about 6 per cent. It was indeed fortunate that in last year's elections the centre group was able to win a bare simple majority; and it was tragically unfortunate that they did not get the 51 per cent of the total vote necessary, according to the new election law, to be awarded 65 per cent of the parliamentary seats. If the centre

had gotten a commanding legislative majority, one of the major factors in the rise of the extreme parties would have been eliminated because the government could have pushed policies and programs through Parliament that would certainly have weakened the extreme groups. In the present situation the extremists successfully block and thwart most legislation that would not be beneficial to their interests.

Premier Scelba has an enormous task ahead of him in trying to restore the faith of a majority of the Italian people in the Christian Democrat government before the national elections of 1958. There are a lot of mistakes to rectify. Moreover, at least 60 per cent of the Italian people vote left of centre, ranging from Communist to left-wing Christian Democrat. In such a political climate it is quite possible that a man who is right of centre like Scelba will not survive.

And yet Scelba seems to be growing stronger. No faltering whatsoever was noticeable during the serious Communist strikes. In handling the Montesi Case and at the vote of confidence which the scandal aroused, he made a brilliant showing. He was fortunate that France made it unnecessary for him to try and push EDC through the Italian Parliament during the period when he was weakest. By the time a new security program is ready, he will most likely be in a more solid position. The Trieste settlement has worked to his advantage. He has indeed gotten off to a good start.

Italy has a tradition of producing strong men in emergencies. Now that De Gasperi is gone, Scelba may very well take his place. If not Scelba, there are other men who are intelligent, vigorous, and resourceful. The Christian Democrats have a lot to learn about government, but it is not likely that the same country which gave golden wings to the human intellect will lock up that same intellect in a narrow totalitarian cage.

Football Sound and Fury

D. M. Fisher

► THIS PAST WINTER Canadian football promoters have been in raucous disagreement over whether they should thumb the nose or kow-tow to the premier American professional league. The squabble has been involved and hard to follow because our promoters are really not true entertainment entrepreneurs. Victory rather than profit is their dominating motive. In addition, our professionals are divided into two leagues with considerable variations in financial soundness, player strength, and executive leadership.

The Toronto Argonauts forced the issue when their manager blandly announced that all their old American players were supernumerary because he had cornered half-a-dozen or more super-stars from the National Football League in the U.S.A. The N.F.L. is a strong, sound organization. Since it absorbed its chief rival in 1949 it has been acknowledged arbiter and regulating agency of professional football matters in the U.S.A. Its affairs are directed by a commissioner with great power.

All the Canadian pro teams have done the same thing as the Argos but on a small scale. Guerilla raids were fine. The idea of tilting with the giant or "the best at any price" for Canadian fans certainly delighted the followers and made football the most written-about, discussed sport in the country. But open warfare? Suddenly Argos three rivals in the Big Four League began to damn them, and the departure of peace emissaries to the American commissioner coincided with closed ranks against Toronto. The authorities of the Western Canadian teams piously announced their support of

some scheme of agreement with the N.F.L., wherein there would be mutual respect for Canadian and American contracts. Such agreement is probably two or three years away but it is bound to come, largely because our teams are not competing for the same spectator dollar as the American's.

The luring and defection of players is the oldest story in professional spectator sports. Indeed, professional sport begins when leaders of a club decide that some other team's star is worth a price. Such raids seem a fairly new thing in Canadian football only because open professionalism dates from 1947.

Americans set our standards in sport. We are in awe of their efficiency and ready victims or followers of the sports publicity which forms so much of the communications assault from the South. Though it may be a general, academic question whether we are retaining or gaining any national individuality, on this popular level we have only illusions of individuality. In substance Canadian sport is integrated with American sporting matters. There has been little remorse because some ninety-odd experts must be brought in to entertain us, usually at uneconomic prices. A once distinctive game is now almost completely American in form and dress. It is a better game to most spectators now, certainly to me. Unfortunately, the aura and chit-chat of football has its nauseating aspects in the way Canadians fawn about the mercenaries and beg them to say something nice about our game and our country.

Canadian football is "biggety" but it is far from being on a sound basis with smooth-working self-regulation. Fantastic budgets ranging up to and over \$400,000 a year are partly a result of wide spectator appeal but even more a reflection of community effort. The football team is now the strongest element in creating and continuing community and area loyalties. That is, cities like Regina or Hamilton or Ottawa could not have football of this quality on a fully-rationalized basis. Even Winnipeg, the pillar of Western football, keeps going through direct and indirect community support that really amounts to subsidization. All the promoters — and what a motley, exhibitionist crew they are — agree that American imports have made the spectacle. An indigenous personnel has never meant much in evoking or stifling local loyalty. If football followed baseball's example, all our gladiators would be Americans. If this were so, however, all our imports would be second-raters. We could not afford the best.

The somewhat illogical system now prevailing has each team importing the best Americans it can find up to a quota of nine or ten; the remainder of the cast of twenty-five or more is filled by Canadian players. With football such a current and powerful obsession it has been possible to get Canadians to play for salaries far below those drawn by the Americans. This may be as it should be; certainly the Americans have brought superb technical direction and their consummate skill at the game. In some bright day to come, of course, it is argued there will be enough Canadian boys of ability to carry the load and the use of Americans will fade away. This is nonsense because the whole American school and college structure is designed to produce skilled football performers; as yet ours is not. Further, a Canadian cannot get the American stamp of press, T.V. and radio approval which is so essential to acceptance here.

Each year American colleges graduate about five thousand men who are competent football players. Of this number, more than four hundred are so good that it is doubtful if they could be better trained at anything else. Almost all of the four hundred will be better players than any Canadian schools and colleges will produce. Since the total number of players on National Football League rosters stands at about four hundred, one wonders why Canadian teams should run into any difficulties in recruiting Americans from such a

large, annually replenished player market. The N.F.L. cannot possibly use all the players.

If Canadians stuck to recruiting college players, especially ones who had not acquired transient fame by becoming "All-Americans," there is no doubt the United States could provide us with all the gladiators necessary. But if American college players are good, the established professionals are excellent. In college, coaching or some lucky breaks can make a player look better than he is. In the professional game the weeding process is ruthless and many unheralded prospects become the stars. For example, two years ago the greatest football college, Notre Dame, graduated a back called Lattner, "everybody's All-American." Several Canadian teams tried to get the boy and salary offers from \$12,000 to \$15,000 were bandied about. Lattner resisted such largesse and signed with the Pittsburgh team of the N.F.L., and in his first season made a mediocre showing, whereas several less-touted rookies did much better. Canadian promoters are aware that an outstanding man in the N.F.L. is a cinch to star in Canada—thus the temptation. If a professional jumps to Canada, he breaks the contract he has signed, for almost all contracts in sport, be it baseball, hockey, football, or soccer, have one fundamental thing in common, the "reserve clause" or the automatic renewal of option by the club. The player has no choice in the matter. Once he signs, he is no longer a free agent.

Major spectator sports have had a remarkably similar development throughout the world. Individual clubs bob up pursuing a game in an amateur way. Then a central body is formed which establishes a widely-accepted code of rules. The more successful teams attract large followings and provide club leaders with money for proselytizing better players. Playing rivalry stimulates competition for the players. Money is paid to get the best. The players take to bargaining cannily. The original central body cannot control such deals and the calibre of play varies increasingly and truly amateur teams fall away into the background. The better clubs gravitate towards an exclusive organization which seeks to establish hegemony over all possibly lucrative franchises and over the sources of player supply. Two anarchical elements, wandering players and unscrupulous promoters disturb the balance for some time but are gradually weeded out. The players come to heel as they realize that stability offers better long-term security than an open market. The fly-by-night promoter either goes to the wall or success brings him respectability and acceptance into the fold, especially when he realizes that it is poor business to give players an exorbitant share of the income. Canadian football is now in such a sorting-out stage. During this period new leagues or new clubs or new managements often pop up to challenge the established ones but the public usually prefers the older leagues and teams. The fan likes stability, perhaps because it gives some lineal validity and rank to the championship claims of his team. Normally the remnants of the new venture are absorbed in the old. If Canadian football does not get a diminished sense of proportion it might wind up with Toronto and Montreal playing in the N.F.L., and with the rest of the teams pottering along in drabber style somewhat after the present fashion of Canadian hockey teams, aside from the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs.

The acknowledged cornerstone in the organized structure of baseball and hockey in America, and of soccer in Great Britain, is the reserve clause. The player's obligation is fixed; the only negotiable factor is salary. From this base, the promoter can operate knowing that each season will find him with a team. Without this assurance a capital investment in plant is foolish. Only recently have Canadian football clubs agreed to recognize each other's rights to reserved players.

It has to be an agreement within the game, rather than a legal one, because jurists have a contemptuous attitude towards the reserve clause.

Several years ago a Congressional committee made a long study of the structure of organized baseball and concluded that the reserve clause was justified because it preserved a unique, valued, and vital American institution, even though it went against the anti-trust laws and the American concept of individual liberty and the free labor market. The National Hockey League petitioned at the time to be given the same privileged status as baseball, and other professional sports such as boxing and football operate on the legal assumption that if the reserve clause and a self-regulating monopoly are applicable to baseball it also applies to them. The U.S. Dept. of Justice has not given up the fight to end the reserve clause and we will hear more of the issue. In essence, the reserve clause is only as good as the ability of the respective organization to enforce a monopoly in both player and spectator markets.

The reason why American professional football has not extended its grip so far as organized baseball or hockey stems from the fact that the colleges got into the game on what was, promotionally, a professional basis over five decades ago. An Ivy League heritage, middle-class appeal and respectability, the complete rationalization of rules, coaching and recruitment methods, were added to features such as bands, cheer-leaders, sex, and local, state, and religious loyalties to create a game with the most powerful spectator appeal in the U.S.A. For example in 1950, the consumer dollars per million spent by Americans for certain sports were as follows: professional baseball—\$5.4; professional football—8.0; professional hockey—6.5; and college football—102.7. Looked at from the experience of a very suc-



FLO FANCOTT IN "THE ROAD TO HOME" (Ottawa Little Theatre)—FRANK JONES

successful college team, such as Notre Dame, football has averaged a clear profit annually of \$250,000 for the past twenty-seven years.

Against such a powerful opposition, professional football made slow headway until the end of World War II. Progress has been quick since then for it has finally struck large numbers of Americans that the pros play better football than the college boys and the competition is more even. Now the American pros, with a twelve-team league spread over the nation, are slowly consolidating their position, and in time they should come to dominate the organized structure of the game, even in the colleges.

Until the Argonauts announced they were after a substantial number of the best players, Canadian raids were largely a nuisance, which the individual American teams tried to parry with injunction proceedings that Canadian courts dismissed. But if all the Canadian teams made a practice of offering huge salaries to a selected half-dozen N.F.L. stars it would drive American salaries higher and endanger the stability only just received. So the Americans have fought back with raids of their own and with the soothing doctrine that there are football players enough for all if the Canadians only show the restraint they should in the light of their relatively skimpy resources. When the first counter-attack plucked two great players of the Montreal Alouettes that club's management saw the light. Then, when the Americans began to fulminate on the sad plight of the native Canadian player and offers to the latter began popping up from New York, most Canadian clubs realized their position was quite shaky. This counter-attack of the Americans has been more skillful than that of organized baseball when Mexican teams raided in 1946, and not nearly so huffy as the pompous reaction of British soccer leaders to South American raids in 1948 and 1949. The N.F.L. commissioner cannot, of course, be as brutally dictatorial to errant players as were the leaders of these other sports. He is not yet the head of a monopoly with absolute control of the player supply, the players are educated after a fashion and Canada is obviously a more sane, stable place than Latin America.

Further, the idea is finally catching on in Canada that the smaller cities have a tiger by the tail. An agreement is not too far away, given continued moderation by the Americans and increasing sensibility on the part of the clubs in the big towns of Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver. On the particular issue raised by the Argos, it appears the purely Canadian rapprochement will see them keeping some of their grab choices, the others will be distributed throughout the league.

Even though we are a part of American sporting life, the true joy for the Canadian spectator comes in inter-city, inter-sectional rivalry within the Canadian framework. We are not ready for, nor really interested in, taking part in American professional football, although the tendency is in that direction. It will not become practical until Canadian rules are identical with American rules. Long before this is reached, Canadian football should settle down in a steady way, with Grey Cup day continuing as the one bright sporting entry on our calendar comparable to Cup-Final or Boat Race or Derby Days in England, or the World Series or Kentucky Derby day in the U.S.A.

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

The CCF, NATO and West Germany

(Continued from front page)

Of course, these innocents are letting themselves become the dupes of Russian propaganda which keeps suggesting another conference for the precise purpose of delaying the union of Germany with the West. They remain impervious to the accumulation of historical facts since 1945 which goes to show that the Russians only make concessions when they find the other side strong and united, and that Communism will continue its aggressive advance until it runs up against opponents who demonstrate that they have power and are prepared to use it. The Communists are naturally always ready for a conference in which the other side concedes everything at issue before the conference begins. They like conferences such as the one at Geneva last year.

In the back of the minds of these CCF'ers are two great myths. One is this socialist myth that Soviet Communism, because it is a socialist movement, must prove to be ultimately virtuous, and has only got into vicious courses of action in our day because of the hard unsympathetic western world. The other is the old Liberal myth that power is inherently evil in itself, and that you can achieve results in international politics by the use of noble words instead of by the intelligent use of power. Material power, military or economic, will not produce a better world by itself. But in the kind of world in which we live, if we are afraid to use power, as intelligently as we can, we shall find that the world gets steadily worse instead of better.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

The Question of National Television

Arthur Lower

► FOR CANADIANS there are two distinct phases of the television problem. The one is the question of television as a social device, a piece of technical development which intimately penetrates our homes. The other is the question long since fought through in the case of radio, that is, whether we Canadians are to be left with any significant control of the new device, or whether it is to fall into American hands, and thus cease to reflect the Canadian scene. By now both aspects of the problem are familiar to us all.

Much has been written on the Television Revolution. Our age is growing more or less used to revolutions. We have had within fifty years not only one but several technical revolutions which have changed our way of life even more drastically than do changes in government. As someone has said, the automobile made the average American into the irresistible force, but television is remaking him into the immovable object. The automobile ruthlessly grinds down beneath its wheels not only the bodies of unlucky cats and skunks but also a whole civilization. We can go anywhere at any time, at any speed. The necessary consequence is that we are discovering there is nowhere to go—except there and back. The automobile which facilitates people getting about, and therefore, one would think, puts them in contact with each other, has, in fact gone a long way to destroying our sense of community, for in its little metal casket, it isolates one or two people from all the rest of the world.

Television on the other hand, keeps people rooted to the spot. Otherwise it is just as dehumanizing as the automobile, for it brooks no interference with itself. It is turned on, and you gaze. It doesn't make much difference what you gaze at: you just gaze, and nobody interrupts what is being said. I must confess that as one of the minor demons in this new

hell, I am not in much of a position to inveigh against it. But I have also been on the receiving end and can recall what might have been two days of pleasant talk at a friend's house ruined because we had to sit and look steadily at Senator McCarthy.

The irrelevance of the whole performance to us Canadians! McCarthy, of course, has been a proper subject of our contempt—thank God, we are not as Americans are—but he is not our responsibility, and we can't do anything about him. We can neither vote for him nor against him. Our combined, collective Canadian shout is never heard more than twenty or thirty miles south of the border, so we may as well give up shouting.

I am, of course, frankly saying that there must be a limit to American penetration into Canadian life, if we are going to go on existing as a Canadian community. I really have no idea how much concern there is in Canada for this particular object. It is evident that our national heart-beat is barely strong enough to keep us alive and that the danger exists—and has always existed—that we, as a political community, may die. It may, indeed, be debated whether we have ever been alive.

With such a feeble sense of our own identity and a shameful dependence in every direction on our neighbor, our earmarks have been mediocrity and complacency.

There are a few oases in the Canadian desert, it may be cheerfully agreed. Unfortunately the palm trees growing in them have to do for so many purposes that it is difficult for them to keep alive. Hence our constant resort to united effort—that is, political effort—to keep our national fabric intact. We recognize that only by a general yo-heave-ho can we manage to build transcontinental railways, maintain airways or have our own means of expression in these newer media, radio and television: that surely was what the Massey Report had to say. This business of having to resort to a united communal effort is more widespread than even the Report suggested. Canadian socialism is not maintained by the tariff alone; our banks, for example, are Canadian by the grace of God and the Canadian Parliament. Left to the free play of economic forces, large American finance should have gobbled them up long ago. That conspicuous example of "private" enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway, is much the same, an aspect of the Canadian state.

So far our people have been interested just enough to permit government to do these things, and no more. There is no surplus of nationalism in Canada. And there is no surplus of taste, our taste being still that of the backwoodsman, heavy and indiscriminating. Hence the average Canadian has no objection to outside influences. Having no standards of his own, he is overborne by those of other people. And for the average man, the Americans are the only other people who exist.

I suppose the same dilemma will continue to exist for us into the indefinite future, but one sometimes does wish that Canadians could make up their minds and decide whether they wished to be alive or dead. If they became Americans they would at least cease to be mere spectators of someone else's fun. If they wish to remain Canadians—and surely they must wish something of the sort or they would not go on cheerfully supporting this enormously expensive governmental structure of ours—then let's hope, they will try to be Canadians. Personally, I hate going round forever as a mere ghost.

Since private television is only another name for Americanized television, national television obviously is one more peg in this tent of national existence, and a pretty big one. Possibly if enough pegs are driven into the ground, sooner

or later there may even be a tent for them to hold up. There need be no idealization of the quality of our local product. Whether it proves good or bad, let us remember our Shakespeare: "A poor thing, but mine own, my Lord." That is the attitude of those who have recently formed the Canadian Radio and Television League (30 Bloor Street West, Toronto), of which all readers of *The Canadian Forum* are invited to become members. Readers who do so will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they are at the same time helping to put those most arrant of all Tories in their places, the thorough-going no-nonsense men of the opinion "throw-aways" and the *free enterprise is sacred (as long as it puts money in MY pocket)* pressure groups.

Dinner Party

Like phlox in August wind the heads
huddled and fell and grouped again.
All up and down the table length
men's wives smiled in the jaws of men.

Within a glare of linen, eyes
fretted and flashed, or being young
blinked to a stare across the path
where heavy business interests swung.

The gladioli centre-piece
flamed to remarks that no one made,
but caves of conversation caught
the echoes in their hungry shade.

I heard on my immediate left
rustling of the male intent
which has a special meaning for
the wives of business management.

Dresses of silver, soups of gold,
bouquets of chatter ringed us round;
he offered words for mine, and then
each sought the other's vantage-ground.

I saw him make the final choice
of means best suited to his ends
in case some day he needed me:
it was the trusting way of friends.

And I who offered tit for tat
to my charming and cunning host,
over the *filet mignon* knew
the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Violet Anderson.



Farewell My Dreams

By ROBERT ELIE

Translated by IRENE COFFIN

"To their number (Roger Lemelin and Gabrielle Roy) must be added Robert Elie, whose first novel, *La Fin Des Songes*, won the province of Quebec prize for literature in 1950. In an effective translation it has now made its appearance under the English title, *FAREWELL MY DREAMS*."

—The Ottawa Journal. \$3.50.

THE RYERSON PRESS



THE DEAD TREES AND THE LIVING (Linocut)—FRAN JONES

The Arts in Canada

Ballet Review

► THE CANADIAN NATIONAL BALLET has taken a grand jeté forward since last year. The company that is now going on a tour of the United States and Canada has leapt farther and higher than one would think possible in a year's development. They have added to their repertoire the full length version of *Swan Lake*, Tudor's *Offenbach In The Underworld*, and have remodelled *Dark of the Moon* to make *Barbara Allen*. And the works of longer standing in their repertoire, are being done with a good deal more finish. They have become a professional company in appearance without losing their amateur enthusiasm.

Their *Swan Lake*, comparatively speaking, is a creditable production. I say comparatively speaking because as I have remarked before, I have little admiration of four act ballets, especially from the romantic period. The only reasons to justify its complete revival are historical interest and the prestige of being able to get right through such a large and thoroughly classical work. It is somewhat similar to the prestige of owning a particularly old car, although it may run a good deal less effectively than a recent model. The production is quite effectively wound up to keep going for four acts by the vitality of the dancers and by the careful emphasis on the story joining the unlike parts together, such as it is. The last act, with the lover's leap into the pond and their reappearance on the shore of celestial bliss failed to be convincing as usual. But apart from this weakness and the pale-ness of the character variations in the third act, the performance was almost consistently enjoyable.

With her dancing of Odile-Odette Lois Smith proves herself a ballerina of some distinction. This double role is extremely difficult both technically and interpretively, ranking with Giselle in the challenge it presents. Miss Smith met the challenge on both scores. She has spectacular arabesques which in a continuous and smooth-flowing line of movement give the whole of her dancing grace and beauty. She modified her movements easily from Swan Queen to Magician's Daughter, giving first the effect of repose and then of brilliance. As Odile she danced a love of chaste longing and as Odette, a love of calculating seductiveness. Altogether her dancing, along with that of David Adams, makes the ballet.

The settings and music are undoubtedly the weakest point of the company at present. Although Kay Ambrose does some very attractive costumes, her designs for sets have very little structural imagination and even less in use of color. George Crum, the musical director, I think has a good understanding of what he is trying to do, but tends to accelerate. I really don't need to say this because any dancer who has suffered through a performance at a heightened speed would let him know in no uncertain terms. He also labors under the difficulty of transmitting his own understanding to a continually changing orchestra. The playing of the brass section in Toronto made one wish that it took more than money to get into the union.

The other new work in their repertoire, *Offenbach In The Underworld* by Antony Tudor is a delightful piece of danced comedy. I was rather skeptical about the boast that this ballet outdid *Gaieté Parisienne* in its title commodity, but seeing was believing. Tudor has accomplished this not by trying to carry the can-can to its *ne plus* but by changing the direction with his roguish humor. His "local ladies" dance with an accurate knowledge of the effect they are achieving and take a gleeful delight in showing off the underside of the underworld. The details of the action in a fashionable café of the 1870's at a more than fashionably late hour are

worked out with the Tudor master touch. Gathered together are local ladies and young men, a debutante and entourage, an operetta star, a painter, the Queen of the Carriage Trade, a young officer and His Imperial Excellency, each with a predatory eye. Between and among all these people Tudor arranges successive combinations and permutations of flirtations. The stage is crowded with the great events of life, without ever becoming cluttered. The different sections of the music are skillfully used to introduce one kind of group after another and bring the veiled curiosity of the debs into contrast with the sleepy enthusiasm of the locals. It works up to a wonderful climax in a universal brawl over something or other and a final racy can-can with its dazzling display of lingerie. It is much to their credit that the company was able to give such an exciting performance of this ballet: classic discipline does not necessarily inhibit oomph. The Swan Queen herself became an enchantingly frisky Operetta Star.

Barbara Allen is an intensely dramatic work with choreography by Joey Harris to an excellent musical score by Louis Applebaum. A ballet of this kind either achieves its emotional effect or becomes ridiculous. Due to the strong performances of the whole company, and in particular of Celia Franca as Barbara Allen, David Adams as the Witch Boy and Jury Gotshalks as a Preacher, it was eminently successful. When the witch girls came on, a child in the audience loudly asked, "Are they real, Mummy?" She could hardly have said no. The choreography is generally quite a strong combination of dancing with mime, for instance the part where Barbara dances her pregnancy. But the action is sometimes episodic to the point of being disjointed. The contrast between the earthly characters and the supernatural ones was emphasized by the lighting. The hellish red glow which served as the only setting except for a rock formation, was very effective in creating an eerie atmosphere about the witch people.

These three ballets are among the strongest of the company's present repertoire and illustrate their range: from classical to comedy to drama. The company becomes more and more worthy each year to be called the Canadian National Ballet, especially since the Royal Winnipeg had its trial by fire. A Canadian Pacific Ballet anyone?

WENDY MICHENER

Music Review

► THE MOST RECENT CONCERT under the auspices of the Canadian League of Composers was held at Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 9 and was broadcast on CBC Wednesday night. Sir Ernest MacMillan conducted and showed, as so often in the past, that the farther the music is from the conventional repertoire, the more capable he is of rising to the occasion. Of course, one must also remember that the orchestra itself is likely to make a special effort for a concert like this. Whatever the cause, the calibre of performance seemed well beyond that of the usual subscription concert. Irene Salemska was the soprano soloist, and in quiet passages her charming voice showed to advantage; although a good deal of the time it was submerged by a flood of orchestral color.

Six Canadian works were performed, ranging in time from 1947 to 1954. All except one seemed very much worth hearing. The exception is the concert suite *Shadow on the Prairie*, taken from a ballet score by Robert Fleming. I have no doubt that the music was perfectly adequate to its original function; but it should not have been given independent existence. Mr. Fleming's extremely limited powers of invention (both of melody and texture) are spread very thinly over fifteen minutes of the sort of mannered ruralism that other composers have handled with far greater freshness.

Andrew Twa's *Symphony* (1953) is a bright, lively piece, full of rhythmic variety and unusual orchestral combinations. In the program notes Mr. Twa makes some interesting remarks on the rhythmic transformations and thematic continuity of the work. He seems to regard such thematic inbreeding as providing some formal justification for the work. But the subtler the thematic derivations are, the less important they become, and their chief value is as a stimulus to the composer. Both the naive and the sophisticated listener on hearing (let us say) that a theme in the third movement is the same as one in the first and second except that the note values are different and the bar-lines are differently distributed might justifiably ask: So what? What reason have we to assume that the theme is either better or more appropriate than if it had been derived from some other earlier theme, or had had no thematic forebears at all? In this matter I am obviously with Stravinsky and against Schonberg. Some composers, it seems to me, are extraordinarily superstitious about their thematic relationships, and would rather have a pointless relationship than no relationship at all, as if it provided an automatic solution to their formal problems. However, Mr. Twa's smart-alecky *Symphony* will survive such superstition; it certainly kept my attention, and it is perhaps unfair to use it as an excuse to induce one of my favorite King Charles's heads. I may just be excusing my blissful unawareness of thematic processes which are beyond my powers of attention.

Udo Kasemets' *Poetic Suite*, which sets three poems of Kathleen Raine in three contrasting movements, did not seem to jell. The formal devices, the vocal line, the words, and the thematic material in orchestra and piano stood out rather sharply against one another. I found the work wry, nostalgic, brittle, angular and ecstatic, without finding any satisfying continuity between these attributes. But I would certainly like to hear it again. It has a unique flavor, and further hearings might make me revise my opinion considerably.

The most completely successful work on the program was Murray Adaskin's *Serenade Concertante*, which I had heard once before. This composer has steadily developed in skill and taste since the *Violin Sonata* of fifteen years ago. In this most recent work, he uses certain mildly sentimental formulas with detached affection. The danger with this Stravinsky-like technique is that the line of the work may become short-winded and discontinuous. A lot of fragments may get flung around contrapuntally and that's all. Mr. Adaskin hasn't always solved this problem in the past. But in the *Serenade Concertante* there is no problem at all. The melodic line builds up over a large span, statement leads inevitably to counter-statement, the *ostinatos* or repeated fragments stay in place and contribute to, instead of breaking up, the larger design. The over-all mood is wistful without being sweet, and dry without being crisp. It is the mood in which Mr. Adaskin writes his best music.

A description of Francois Morel's *Esquive* (dating from 1947, in the composer's twentieth year) might sound most unpromising. In the words of the program note, "the work is akin to the impressionistic works of Debussy in its sensitive feeling for orchestral color and in its parallel-chord harmonizations." The work is written, that is, in the most tediously derivative of all contemporary idioms: the stock-in-trade of every slick arranger or finger-sliding pianist. God preserve us from parallel-chord harmonizations! And yet out of this unpromising idiom, which sometimes defeats the efforts of even a Vaughan Williams, Mr. Morel has written a very charming and individual work, although I certainly prefer his later *Antiphonie*.

What Francois Morel succeeds in doing in *Esquive*, Godfrey Ridout, on the whole, fails to do in his three *Cantiones*

Mysticae, two of which have been performed a number of times in the last couple of years. Mr. Ridout has an extremely unstable English idiom, ranging from Purcell to Elgar in the *Cantiones* and including Vaughan Williams, Walton and even Delius elsewhere. The shift from Purcell to Elgar in the idiom of the *Cantiones* is no doubt excusable on dramatic grounds, but the fact remains that while Mr. Ridout's Purcell is good Purcell, his Elgar is pretty bad Elgar, a sort of parody of Elgar's plum-pudding *nobilmentes* and thick mysticism. Most of Mr. Ridout's works are liberally sprinkled with fine moments, his talents are real and permanent; but the good and the bad certainly jostle one another; his models don't always bring out the best in his talent.

MILTON WILSON

Film Review

► 1955 OPENS WITH some excellent productions from the Hollywood studios in which Cinemascope seems to have graciously come into its own. Two musical dramas deserve first consideration.

A Star is Born is a remake of the old Janet Gaynor, Fredric March film with Judy Garland and James Mason in the title roles of Esther Blodgett, an aspirant to filmdom fame, and Norman Maine, an established star. Miss Garland's singing ability has been made the pivot of the girl's talent so that there is adequate excuse for the introduction of musical numbers at every opportunity as counterpoint to the melodrama. The picture is the acme of what studio technicians can do with six million dollars and a good art director, in this case a hero by the name of Malcolm Bert who has turned out a strongly visual production, bold but never garish in color and costuming. It is also a set designer's dream; one is never aware of any straining to fill the envelope-shaped screen. The production numbers are particularly tasteful, e.g. the *Born in a Trunk* number in which abstract suggestion, two-dimensional perspective, and subtly suggestive color motifs are playfully interspersed. Vast banks of red roses and dashes of scarlet inject vigor into the background against which Judy performs. As her professional stock rises she progresses from crude orange and black to sophisticated blue-grey and mauve. Another effective number is *The Man That Got Away*, a guttural torch song. All is sombre brown and black shadows relieved only by the pin points of light on brass instruments and glasses and the whiteness of the singer's face. Some studio set scenes utilize rectangular props in Japanese fashion cleverly preventing the eye from being distracted by depth. In another instance, laboratory white and pancake peach are the symbolic colors used to decorate a somewhat clinical make-up department. The camera work is consistently excellent also, in one brief scene it catches the peculiar grey-blue haze of an early morning Los Angeles smog. But while the art and camera work is superlative, it cannot be said that anything original has been added to film history or production; it is not experimental in any respect, rather it is a well thought out exhibition of current techniques. Hollywood must be at the fore but never in the lead. The public will recognize all the principles of direct visual impact to which they are accustomed in better magazine and billboard advertising and can feel quite comfortable viewing it. This seems to be the overall quality of this film, it synthesizes something familiar in the contemporary appearance of our culture and it does it well so that all can admire.

In the first scene of a premiere night we are immediately in a world of incorporeal substance. Spotlights play against the clear black sky while lamps, neons, trams, autos, and exploding bulbs flash in the streets. Lights flit across the faces of the shadow mob waiting to see celebrities arrive. The

interior of the theatre is alive with dazzling color and movement. The audience is seen only in passing while the camera moves front and back stage probing shadows and movement in a blur of impressionistic color.

Satirical vignettes of film town life which appear at intervals include the constant surge of fans like aborigines after wild game; a neon Christmas under balmy skies; the elaborate peacock display of jewels and gowns at a moneyed prestige gathering such as the Academy Award dinner; the established star visiting the Coconut Grove in an endeavour to get set up for the night and consequent discussion as to who is and who is not acceptable prey; the autocratic nature of studio types engaged in makeup, glamor-photography, press relations, wardrobe affairs and other sundry activities; the two stars kissing in a theatre lobby while the movie patrons stand and nod approvingly; the star's dressing room decorated in ye olde baronial; and movie people resorting to movies and TV to entertain themselves when gathered together for a social evening.

The continuous thread that holds this long movie together and gives it credibility is James Mason's performance as the actor whose star is falling. He injects layers of meaning into this character which in more ineffectual hands could have been completely hammed. But for Mason's sustained interpretation of a difficult role, Miss Garland's emotional outbursts would pass as active neuroses. His first appearance is a magnificent drunk scene. He is lissome, trim, and well groomed, an oozy charm boy. At the same time drink reveals that he is mean, aggressive and malevolent. "I want what I want" is his code and he treads the edge of violence when thwarted. Sober, he is an intelligent sensitive person with a streak of nobility who can take the news that he is fired with dignity and ultimately sacrifice himself for his wife. The relationship between Maine and the studio press-agent, played by Jack Carson, based on mutual necessity and contempt, is well established and they act as foils throughout the film. Carson is excellent as the agent of the "that was the greatest" school. He registers as a hardened character who loves the power but hates the job and is storing away vast amounts of frustration and hatred. His is the final triumph when he is able to manage Maine's funeral to his own wishes.

Judy Garland turns in an entertaining performance in a role beautifully tailored for her and it is interesting to watch her exhibit her unique personality and flair with a song. But there is something disturbing about her as well. Here is a girl who is just killing herself to be gay, infectious and vital when the truth of the matter is that she is awkward and has no sense of humor at all. Life is really oh so serious and earnest. This is acutely illustrated by an endless routine, *Someone*, in which she is supposedly doing a spontaneous takeoff on corny musicals. It is painful, and is the one thing that should have been cut. And in her dramatic interludes it is just a little difficult to tell whether her troubles are those of Esther Blodgett or Judy Garland.

Carmen Jones is the other musical effort to rate an A. Dorothy Dandridge is a hot feline Carmen to Harry Belafonte's rather sweet Joe. The entire cast is excellent with special honors to Pearl Bailey who is a natural before the camera. How little true affinity Bizet's music has with Spanish rhythms and themes is evident in the ease with which it is transposed to an American setting. But a touch of French elegance remains which is at variance with the tone of Chicago and environs. The one disappointment to this reviewer was found in the sets. Memories of Billy Rose's stage production and the advance posters for the film had aroused expectations of dramatic theatrical colour and design. But instead this dark drama of passions takes place largely against colourless daylight-bright backgrounds. This leads to difficulties such as the night club scene at Billy

Pastors which is not very well thought out. On the other hand the realistic treatment gives the film a poignancy which the Broadway production lacked.

Currently showing to full houses is a stereotyped musical whose deficiencies are glaringly apparent when compared to two films of such quality. *There's No Business Like Show Business* is also a horrible example of what the vulgarity of taste of a producer named Sol Siegel can do to a unique object and valuable property known as Marilyn Monroe. Through the show-girl exterior there is a certain sweetness and appearance of honesty about La Monroe which differentiates her from the normally vacuous and overblown type of starlet. She is short on talent but sufficiently individual to hold interest if not overtaxed, and she could be quite amusing if she were well directed to parody her type. But no! 20th Century Fox thinks sex appeal means a poor man's bump and grind routine and in grooming her for this they have embellished her with Woolworth trinkets and vulgarly ostentatious costumes lifted from Terry and the Pirates. To turn her out as an all-white creation à la Jean Harlow is possibly a mistake also. The technicolour camera is rather devaluing when it has so little to work with and so it emphasizes the rather anaemic quality of her colouring. Jean Harlow's platinum hair and all-white ensembles were effective before the poorer black and white camera work of the 1930s. By dressing in white she effectively remained in her own spotlight. But Jean Harlow had personality, vivacity, comic flair and the ability to mimic herself with ingenuous honesty. No one will ever know probably what sense of humour Miss Monroe has as long as Sol Siegel remains profitably in charge. It would be interesting to speculate on what a French producer would do with Marilyn. Perhaps he would cast her as a charming Martine Carol type moving in bosomy splendour through an ironic historical romp in the manner of *Caroline Chérie*. At any rate she would be well gowned and exhibited with French theatrical élan which even at the level of the chorus girl has produced an ingeniously tasteful art of sexual display.

Other items; Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor charm their way through tons of bunting and bangles. Mitzi Gaynor is very lithe and refreshing. Johnnie Ray has to be seen in all his neurotic splendour to be believed. His entrance into the Roman Church and constant reference to it as a great act, the longest on record, etc., reflects what is probably sincere professional envy.

JOAN FOX

NFB

The Grievance	16 & 35 mm. 30 mins. b&w
The Taxi Driver	16 mm. 11 mins. b&w
The Charwoman	16 & 35 mm. 11 mins. b&w
Man Is A Universe	16 & 35 mm. 12 mins. b&w
World Without End	16 mm. 45 mins. b&w

► AN UNNECESSARY DRAMATIC emphasis, such as that which marred the opening of *Money in Your Pocket*, is also evident, to a larger extent, in Morten Parker's *The Grievance* (No. 4 in the *Labour in Canada* series). The purpose of this film is to show the procedure followed by the United Automobile Workers union and General Motors in considering a worker's complaint. When neither side can agree over a case, it goes before an arbitrator.

To make an interesting film of this subject Morten Parker devised a script which, unfortunately, from the beginning to the main section, leads one to believe that a startling example of industrial injustice is about to be revealed. A truck cab is brought from the paint drying shop to the assembly line and a mechanic is ordered by his foreman to start working

on it. He refuses, claiming it has not had time to cool properly, and is removed from his job. He protests to the shop steward and thus the "grievance" process is set in motion. The scenes showing this "cause of the matter" are accompanied by a commentary which carefully details times and events and attaches a veiled significance to the proceedings. This, together with a sharply edited visual portrayal of assembly line work, accompanied by the clatter of factory noise, conveys the impression that the audience is about to witness a mystery that would be a credit to Hitchcock. As the story unfolds it becomes more matter-of-fact and obvious that nothing untoward will or can happen; but after having been led to expect a surprising and dramatic outcome, we are deflated when the commentator blandly says that the result of the worker's complaint is not important. What is important, he says in effect, is that here is democracy at work and this is how labor and management work together to avoid friction. All well and good, but this should have been established as the purpose of the film at the beginning.

The picture is competently made, characterization is good, if a little stiff in places, the scenes photographed (by Hector Lemieux) in the General Motors plant are interesting, and the union-management procedure more than clearly stated. The incident leading up to the grievance however, is slight and hardly credible, with the actions of the participants seeming to be forced into a pattern to suit the script. In spite of these drawbacks, the subject matter is revealing to persons outside of industry. While labor matters are the concern of this series, they might be more effective perhaps if the labor involved in their realization was not quite so obvious.

The Taxi Driver (Le Chauffeur de Taxi) and *The Charwoman (La Femme de Menage)* are two disappointing additions to the *Faces of Canada* series. The first, directed by Louis Portugais, is no more than a collection of familiar passengers carried by a Montreal taxi driver during the course of his working day: frail old lady with shopping bag, pregnant woman being rushed to hospital, couple courting in the back seat, business man in tremendous hurry to reach destination, and so on. While I have no doubt that there are kind taxi drivers around, those I have met have exhibited few of the virtues attributed to the hero in this film. We learn nothing more about the taxi driver than we might discover ourselves during the course of a journey; all we see are some of the people who might occupy the cab after us. I do think that we could be told about the taximan's rate of pay, whether he owns his own cab, his costs and problems of operation, to say nothing about the tipping racket! But all we get here is some effective photography by Jean Roy.

The Charwoman concerns the working night of an Ottawa woman who belongs to the army of cleaners necessary to tidy up the Houses of Parliament after a day's session. Mrs. Catherine Dennis, a widow, is shown leaving her daughter and her warm home one winter evening to go to work. We see glimpses of the cleaners busy in empty offices, bare corridors, and imposing halls. For a brief moment, as the night wears on, Mrs. Dennis falls asleep and dreams she is on the throne and addressing a parliament of women. The night's work done, she returns home at daybreak to prepare her daughter's breakfast and send her, well cared for, to school. It transpires that Mrs. Dennis, as in much of Hollywood's popular fiction, works to make her dream of her daughter being well-educated and important, come true.

Written and directed by Leonard Forest, this picture could have been sadly affecting and very real, but an attempt at poetic whimsy in commentary and certain visuals does not succeed, but looks and sounds weakly sentimental. The mother, and the relationship between her and the daughter, are too lightly sketched, and the film does not convey an impression of a passing night. Nevertheless, it does communi-

cate a feeling for mood and emotion, an understanding of the main character, and the belief that a night-charwoman's job seems unnatural, secluded and lonely, and not to be envied.

Man Is A Universe, shows, in not too technical terms, some aspects of the progress made at the Montreal Neurological Institute in understanding the mysteries of the human brain and nervous system. Highly complicated electronic equipment used in neurological research and diagnosis, is shown in operation, specifically in brain surgery performed on an epileptic. Man's brain and nervous system are described as a vast, unexplored universe about which much remains to be learned.

Here is an arresting scientific film, not so much because of treatment, but because of the material with which it deals. Efficiently directed by Ronald Weyman (now with CBC-TV), with excellent camerawork (Hector Lemieux) and editing (Fergus McDonnell), it effectively presents the hospital atmosphere and the skilful work of the doctors. The brain operation shown is grippingly realistic and revealing in the methods and electronic equipment used. This, as a whole, is a striking picture presenting a clear and informed report on what is being accomplished in this field.

The narrator for these films, excepting *The Taxi Driver*, was John Drainie, who, with last month's films, appears to have become the Board's regular commentator. As a contrast to his somewhat insensitive voice, the poetic reading by Michael Gough of Rex Warner's sparing words for *World Without End*, beginning with "I am a man myself, and I think that everything which has to do with human beings has something to do with me" strikes a perceptive and sympathetic tone.

World Without End (distributed in Canada by the NFB) was made by Basil Wright and Paul Rotha for UNESCO, and shows the work of this splendid organization in Mexico and Thailand, its central theme being that while the East and the West are geographically separated and culturally opposed, the struggles of the people for physical survival and their need for medical and economic assistance are the same. Basil Wright directed the Thailand episodes, and Paul Rotha the Mexican sequences (mainly by Lake Patzcuaro) and their picture alternates between these two countries, pointing out the similar requirements of newly-born children, the problems of the fishermen, the combating of disease, inferior living conditions and students training to spread knowledge in backward areas. The studies of the Mexican and Thailand people both young and old are vivid and compassionate, and the photography is frequently breathtaking, a seemingly sad reflection that so many human beings must live in poverty among nature's beauty. The achievements of the devoted UNESCO and the World Health Organization workers evoke one's admiration and deep respect.

In a movie, the interweaving of identical themes creates a pattern difficult to shape and confusion can easily result, often with one portrayal emerging stronger than the other; also the audience is required to adjust itself quickly to the change, back and forth, in time and space. The attempt here has been mainly successful, but as most of the transitions from one country to the other are made simply by straight cutting, an audience should be alert to this form of development. *World Without End* is a forthright and ambitious film, the simplicity of which is a result of skill, imagination and a feeling for the subject, realized and communicated in artistic and deeply moving human terms. It makes recent documentaries dealing with world poverty look like the well-meaning but artless efforts of unfeeling tourists. Elizabeth Lutyen's score is beautiful and inspired and the scenes showing native dancers and musicians are fascinating.

GERALD PRATLEY

Correspondence

The Editor: As "Canadian heir" to Sir John Myres, if a recent immigrant might so term himself, I feel it my duty to point out the error in the spelling of his name which occurs throughout your review of *Herodotus, Father of History* (Vol. XXXIV, No. 408). This looks like a typographical error from a handwritten M.S., but it should have been spotted in proof. As it stands it attributes the book to a non-existent author, and I would be grateful for a suitable correction to be recorded.

Your reviewer is evidently familiar with the author, as evidenced by his use of "J.L.M." and his telling final remark that my grandfather frequently puzzled his students. This apparently was his gift—to start with one point and lead one on through a number of seemingly irrelevant ones to a grand whole. Much that your reviewer says is true. Perhaps the book is a book for the specialist. Textual criticism is seldom simple, and naturally demands a knowledge of the text in the person who sets out to read it. His thesis about Herodotus is furthermore a suggestive one, and the reader must needs draw his own conclusions. Why not? As a scientist I am frequently being told by historians that history is not susceptible to proof in the scientific sense, so what function is served by being dogmatic? I do not disagree with your reviewer, but feel that he is expecting too little of the reader.

It might interest some of "J.L.M.'s" many friends in North America to know that he published three works in his last year of life (his 85th), and that upon his death in March 1954 he left a further three incomplete works which we are considering publishing if it is found possible to edit them suitably.

Timothy Myres, Dept. of Zoology,
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B.C.

[We regret the error.—Eds.]

Gaiety

When it is the women wear
velvet sunflowers in their hair
and go circling the moon

men in great enormous hats
meet them on the moony flats
making patterns with a tune.

Bodywise they understand
music does not grow on land,
dance is deeper than the sea.

Leather ways by weather taught,
dancing feet are quickly brought
safely buttoned into tea.

Violet Anderson.

Turning New Leaves

► IT IS A RARE THING for a work of literary scholarship to make the sort of demand on the reader that this one does. Not that *Poetry And Dogma** is at all heavy or dull in subject or treatment: on the contrary, the writing is always clear and competent, often elegant and epigrammatic, and the subject—the poetry of the seventeenth century—is one of widespread contemporary interest. The demand is rather that

*POETRY AND DOGMA: Malcolm Mackenzie Ross; University of Toronto Press; pp. 256; \$5.00.

the reader assent to, or dissent from, a sustained consecutive argument.

Professor Ross subtitles his book "The Transfiguration of Eucharistic Symbols in Seventeenth Century English Poetry"—though "disfigurement" might have been the more appropriate word. He argues strongly and surely, and with a nice sense of the degree of documentation his argument requires, that the "dissociation of sensibility" which has been observed in the poets of that age is ultimately derived from the change, the dislocation, of eucharistic dogma. To condense his already closely articulated argument, Protestant eucharistic doctrine, rejecting the traditional conception of the Mass as the divinely appointed means whereby the Incarnation is extended throughout all ages, and substituting for it a rite which is essentially an occasion for individual efforts of believers to recall with thanksgiving the one Sacrifice on Calvary, was reflected in the literary sphere by poems which, for all their richness and fervour, were dogmatically defective and symbolically confused. Herbert the Anglican, Milton the Protestant, even Crashaw the Roman Catholic, left no continuing tradition in poetry: their work closed "the last years of the Christendom of the arts."

As the reader follows the argument of the first half of the book, he may form the uneasy impression that a permanent steel scaffolding of awful truths is being erected to facilitate construction of what will be, after all, only a relatively small



BACKSTAGE—FRAN JONES

temporary edifice of literary criticism. He may also be disturbed at the force of language with which the errors of the Reformers are spiked, as in such a fighting sentence as this: "A denial of the Real Presence and the Real Sacrifice is inevitably a denial of the whole Eucharistic grip on reality and therefore a repudiation of the sanctification of natural things, therefore, too, an assault on the analogical validity of the poetic symbol." He may have a right to be disturbed on this second, and minor, count. Convincing as I found his positive statement of liturgical theology, Mr. Ross's attacks on Cranmer and his followers made me wonder what virtues the Zwinglian position might have appeared to have, that made it ever appeal to anyone. But on the first, and major, count he wins a triumphant acquittal. As the literary chapters, on George Herbert, on the "spiritual Anglicans," on Milton, and on the Counter-Reformation, take their place in the total argument, it becomes evident that the explicit theologizing (and perhaps with it the downright tone) of the earlier chapters was indispensable, that nothing could have been gained by pretended neutrality. The author neither divorces poetry from theology nor lets it usurp the place of the Queen of the Sciences.

The pivotal chapter is the one on "The Decline of the Historical Concrete." In it Mr. Ross argues that the continuance of the liturgy, conceived as a continuing sacrifice of the mystical Body of Christ, brings all members of the Body into equally immediate relation to the life and death of Christ the priest, victim, king, and head; but that the substitution of a commemorative rite, a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, inevitably makes the sacrifice of Calvary more dim and distant with the passing of the years, and the time between the Ascension and the Second Coming meaningless and empty, a time of real Absence, God no longer with us.

No wonder, when such a substitution was made, that Christian poetry became withdrawn, a poetry of absence, and that Christian thought lost its buoyancy, succumbing to the idea of the decay of the world and abandoning the virtue of hope to the secular progressivists. In such a luminous passage as the following, the reader begins to enter into his reward for attending to the theological argument: "Even the joy which runs in the visionary universe of Traherne is a joy in transcendence, in the solipsistic construction of a world without history, in defiance of history. For the garden of Vaughan and Traherne, unlike the Garden of Genesis, is a way out, not a way in. The child in Vaughan and Traherne is clad eternally in swaddling clothes. He will never grow to confound and instruct the doctors in the temple. He will never enter that darker garden of the sleepless agony. Though he is given the innocence of the dove, he cannot be entrusted with the wisdom of the serpent."

Balancing this treatment of Vaughan and Traherne, there is an account of the last two books of *Paradise Lost*, in which Milton presents the whole history, including the Christian era, as abandoned to Satan, and promises to the redeemed a purely interior paradise. The conclusion is drawn, to my mind convincingly, that "for royalist and republican alike the final cause of the retreat into the timeless garden lies deeper than the immediate political events: it lies in the loss of the 'historical concrete,' that possibility of the sanctification of time whose continuance had been bound up in Catholic eucharistic dogma."

The solidest literary criticism of the book is perhaps that contained in the two chapters on Milton. The first of these, on the early poems, traces the perplexities which arose for the young poet when he left behind the orthodox "firmament" of symbolism of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso for the doctrinal oddity of Comus and the adoption, beginning with Lycidas, of the practice of using both Christian and non-Christian symbols with equal freedom for the expression of

some ultimate religious experience compared with which all symbols are relative. In the other chapter, centring in *Paradise Lost*, we see how Milton dislocates the firmament of Christian symbol, substituting for it an imaginative order of his own.

It seems a strange thing to say of the author of *Milton's Royalism*, but I found Mr. Ross least impressive in his chapter on "The Crown as Religious Symbol." Here he finds the Anglican conception of the King as head of the national Church and of the Christian commonwealth remote, time-serving, and hardly worthy of serious consideration. The association of the King with Christ in particular he seems to regard as mere sentimental politics, as indeed it was in the passages from the Cavalier poetry that he quotes; he concedes only that "the imitation of Christ does not exclude kings." Yet the same typology which he so eloquently defends in the bulk of the book would lead to a conception of kingship as a special Christian calling. Perhaps the error of the Cavaliers was not in their assertion that the king is a sacred person but in their implication that subjects are profane.

One smaller criticism. The key metaphor of a "firmament of symbols" is, most of the time, an exceptionally enlightening one, but it gets out of hand on occasion, as in the statement that "the history of culture appears as a graveyard lined with the skeletons of abandoned firmaments;" and its total effect, through repeated and emphatic use, tends to make what I am sure the author would agree is a misleading association between Catholicism and the old, fixed, but inadequate Ptolemaic universe on the one hand, and Protestantism and the new, dislocated, but more nearly adequate Copernican universe on the other.

DISSENT

The new American Radical Quarterly

Issue No. 5 contains:

THE CHOICE OF COMRADES (First American publication)	Ignazio Silone
RUSSIA IN TRANSITION (A long reply to criticisms in "Dissent")	Isaac Deutscher
AUTHORITARIANS OF THE "LEFT"	Lewis Coser & Irving Howe
BOLSHEVISM & JACOBINISM (First English version of essay by the famous French historian)	Albert Mathiez
LETTER FROM ALGERIA	Edouard Roditi
THE HOLLYWOOD IMAGINATION	G. L. Arnold
SOCIALISM IN ASIA	Sid Lens
WHO IS MENDES-FRANCE?	G. Valois

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But let me return to the main point: this is a close, clear, and to me overwhelmingly convincing argument. It is as far removed from the conventional religiosity of our day as it is from the even more conventional irreligiosity. And it must be added that the final chapter, dealing with the poetic sensibility of the Counter-Reformation dissociates the author completely from the petrified dogmatism, the surly reaction, the regressive pietism, which have sometimes made repellant the works of those Christians whose assumptions he shares.

WILLIAM BLISSETT



Prince Albert, Sask. (CP)—City Council has changed its mind. It will accept the federal government's offer of a two-tone siren for civil defence purposes. Alderman Alex Read explained: "Our previous refusal was based on the wrongful assumption that it was a two-ton siren." (The Leader-Post, Regina)

There has been some fluctuation in the degree of participation by those engaged in the various types of endeavour but I believe that there is a general tone of confidence with respect to the year ahead that should ensure that few who do not place themselves in voluntary unemployment cannot look forward to 1955 with reasonable optimism. (Annual Report to Shareholders, The Bank of Toronto)

There were no signs of bitterness between the company and union representatives, however, and the shouting and swearing which has marked other Ford-union conferences has been absent from the present talks. (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Rev. George Speers, Glenavon, Sask. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Books Reviewed

AMBASSADORS AND SECRET AGENTS: Alfred Cobban; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 255; \$4.25.

In *Ambassadors and Secret Agents*, Professor Cobban examines in detail the diplomacy of Great Britain, France and Prussia towards the United Provinces of the Northern Netherlands from 1785 to 1788. One might pardonably suspect him of seeking to conceal a somewhat forbidding subject of merely antiquarian interest with a sprightly title. But such suspicions are unjust. To those who seek guidance in the past for our present troubles, Dr. Cobban's study offers a fresh historical parallel in the Cold War waged between Britain and France for domination of the Dutch. It is not, to be sure, cut on the classic patterns furnished by the ideological conflicts of Islam and Christianity or of Reformation England and Counter-Reformation Spain; but as he points out, the situation of "a small nation, torn by ideological and social conflict . . . surrounded by more powerful neighbors bent on using its factions for their own purposes and conquering by fifth-column activity inside as much as by military pressure from without" (pp. 13-14) is not unfamiliar to us today nor without contemporary significance. The techniques employed in this eighteenth century Cold War will be of interest to those who derive a melancholy satisfaction from what they imagine to be the uniquely unscrupulous character of twentieth century diplomacy. Dr. Cobban's researches into the twilight world of espionage and counter-espionage reveal that both the English and the French diplomatic missions resorted extensively to spying as a method for implementing foreign policy, and expended funds lavishly for the purpose. "I abhor this dirty work," wrote the British Ambassador at the Hague to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,

appealing for more funds with which to carry it out, "but when one is employed to sweep chimneys, one must black one's fingers." An apologist for the Quai d'Orsay was more explicit: "The ablest ambassador can do nothing without spies and he would achieve even less if he chose them from the gutter. Taken from the higher ranks of society they are necessarily more expensive. To fulfil his mission worthily, an ambassador must be ready to buy anyone from the secretary to the valet, from the serving-maid of the favorite mistress to the lady-in-waiting of the queen." All this, it will readily be seen, does not augur well for Sir Harold Nicolson's plea for a return to the "Old Diplomacy." If it had been merely deceitful, bad enough; but it was worse. It was, as Dr. Cobban's research amply shows, hopelessly inefficient, for the simple reason that its practitioners were hopelessly incompetent. The despatches of the British Ambassador to Versailles were so useless that Whitehall urged his secretary to supplement them with his own. The Ambassador at Brussels was no better, while "at Berlin the able Secretary to the Embassy, Ewart, complained that he could not raise his minister, Dalrymple, from a state of inactivity or get him to interest himself in anything" (p. 14). "Our man," complained a junior in the Madrid establishment, "is as fit to be ambassador as I am to be Pope of Rome." Sir James Harris, the hero of Dr. Cobban's narrative (which bears as its subtitle "The Diplomacy of the First Earl of Malmesbury at the Hague"), towers above the nincompoops who were his opposite numbers and his colleagues, but his undoubted talents cannot alone atone for their colossal inefficiency. Still less can they restore the shaken reputation of the Old Diplomacy. For the Harris whose triumphs at the Hague Dr. Cobban so meticulously records is, of course, the same Harris whose lamentable failure at St. Petersburg was cited some years ago by Mr. Nicolson as the exception which proves the rule of the excellence of the diplomatic Golden Age.

James Eayrs

MARXISM AND ANARCHISM: 1850-1890. Being Volume II of *A History of Socialist Thought*; G. D. H. Cole; Macmillan; pp. 482; \$5.75.

Professor Cole's second volume is even better than his first, and that is saying a good deal. One of the criticisms of the introductory book was that it tended to deal with its period, 1789 to 1850, discretely in terms of individuals rather than of movements and that it therefore resembled an encyclopaedia of socialists more than a narrative of their thought. Professor Cole's answer was that there was no real socialist movement until 1850.

However that may be, he has made good the deficiency in this volume, which covers the interval from 1850 to 1890. He traces the growth of Marxian socialism and anarchist-communism, in particular, describes their conflict, and skilfully blends into this theme the individuals and theories which compose it. Occasionally something or someone gets out of step, as with Bakunin when his role in the First International is described before his theories are explained.

There is something unreal also about discussing Hyndman, Morris, and minor English late nineteenth century Marxist groups in this volume and leaving over till the next their contemporaries, the Fabians, though the author obviously has taken as his dividing line their relationship to Marxism. Moreover, the limitation of space makes butchers of us all.

This volume also tries to cover the period in Russia, Belgium, Germany, and the United States, a formidable task, before which one can only stand in awe of Professor Cole's immense erudition. It is likely that no one else could accomplish what he is trying, and it seems safe to say that when he completes the series with his next volume which will

bring the subject up to 1917, he will have performed a monumental task without equal. His bibliography is full and scholarly.
P.W.F.

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS: Richard L. Neuberger; Oxford; pp. 210, \$3.50.

Any one who has an interest in American state government, even a mild one, would do well to read this book. A collection of magazine articles, it conveys a surprising amount of information in a breezy and anecdotal manner. Occasionally the cloying folksiness of the *Reader's Digest* style is irritatingly evident, but in most of the articles the concrete workings of state legislatures are ably described and a good deal of statistical information on such matters as the average salaries of legislators, the extent of rural over-representation, and the size of state budgets is presented in thoroughly painless fashion.

The author, to the surprise of the American nation and probably to his own as well, won election last November as the first Democratic United States Senator from Oregon since 1914. He has since caused a minor scandal by making two faintly risqué wisecracks in a speech to the Woman's Press Club in Washington and has received the dubious encomium of appearing on *Time's* front cover.

Particularly interesting is his account of what it means to be a leader of the minority party in a one-party state, a status Oregon shares with most of the other sparsely populated and predominantly rural states of the union. Neuberger first was elected to the Oregon state legislature in 1940. In 1952 he was elected State Senator and his wife was elected to the legislature receiving more votes than he did in her district. His discussion of his wife's career as a politician, while admirably chivalrous, becomes a little tiresome and falsely modest in places.

The smugness of Canadian political scientists about the superior virtues of our system of government will hardly be shaken by Neuberger's comparison of the provincial governments of the prairie provinces, which he knows well at first-hand, with American state government. Yet Americans can, within limits, afford the luxury of easygoing, horse-and-buggy state politics rather better than we can. When things become too corrupt or anarchic crusaders like Neuberger emerge and manage to make their voices heard.

Neuberger's comments on the tendency of state politicians to regard state office as a mere stepping-stone to national politics strike a rather curious note in light of his own surprising election to the Senate. One hopes that he will not forget the state problems he discusses in this book while pondering the weightier issues of the national and international scene, for liberal politicians with so keen an interest in and knowledge of state and local government are rare birds indeed.

Dennis H. Wrong

SOCIAL CREDIT AND THE FEDERAL POWER IN CANADA: J. R. Mallory; University of Toronto Press; pp. 204; \$5.50.

The disintegration of the Canadian two-party system into a group of parties controlling four or more provincial governments at different times, but with little hope of any supplanting the Liberals on the federal scene has led many observers to despair of Canadian unity. This excellent study of the relationship between the Social Credit government of Alberta and the Liberal government in Ottawa, however, points the moral that the consequences of major social events are manifold, and often contradictory. For as Professor Mallory demonstrates, the aggressive campaign which Premier Aberhart launched to loosen the ties of federalism actually had the converse effect. By forcing the federal government

and the courts to define the relative powers of the Dominion and the provinces in the context of a provincial attack on federal powers, the federal government was obliged in self-defense (as well as by pressure from various financial and business institutions) to insist on its supremacy in a number of areas. This it did primarily by resorting to the use of its power to disallow provincial legislation, where it conflicted with federal jurisdiction or national interest. Thus, after twenty years of a Social Credit regime in Edmonton, the federal government is stronger, and the provinces weaker.

The necessarily parochial limits set on this study of Dominion-provincial relations by the fact it was undertaken as part of the studies of Social Credit in Alberta, did not lead Professor Mallory to overlook other changes in the concept of Dominion-provincial relations from the Macdonald government down to the present, showing how these changes reflected variations in the needs of Canada as a nation. Quite clearly, the needs for centralized powers which the depression and the war made manifest were more important in affecting changes in the relative power of different governmental units than the actions of Social Credit. If any criticism can be made of this study of the effects of the actions of a political party on this process, it is that the contribution of the CCF has been ignored. I think it is fairly clear that for a number of years from 1943 on, Mackenzie King and the Liberal party were responding to the challenge to their electoral power from the left. Unlike Social Credit, the CCF supported an even more national view of the functions of the federal government than was held by the Liberals. And to combat the CCF, the Liberal government responded by accepting some of the policies which the CCF advocated. It is also interesting to note that the Ottawa government treated the Saskatchewan CCF regime much more tenderly than it did Social Credit in Alberta. Whether this reflected the fact that it had learned a political lesson from the electoral success of Social Credit, following the use of the disallowance power, or the desire of Mackenzie King to absorb the CCF the way he once swallowed the Progressives is difficult to say. One may hope that the studies in this excellent series, which remain to be completed, will pay some attention to the other principal divergency from the two party system.

Seymour Martin Lipset

THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY: Walter Lippmann; McClelland and Stewart; pp. xiii, 189; \$4.00.

Walter Lippmann's new book starts off most impressively; but after a great flourish of packing up for what promises to be an exciting journey of philosophic exploration, it doesn't get any further on the journey than some rather platitudinous rhetoric about Natural Law. This is the public philosophy which the author thinks must be restored in our thinking if our western democracies are to recover their health. I don't think a journey of these dimensions is worth four dollars.

It is true that the concept of natural law was a guiding idea of western civilization from the days of the Greeks, through the middle ages when it was absorbed into Christian theology, and down to the nineteenth century when it ceased to appeal to western minds. But when Mr. Lippmann tries to become concrete about it, and to present a set of theses giving a modern interpretation of the concept in such fields as property, freedom of speech, church and state, his statements became so general that everybody can agree with them because they don't mean anything in particular. This is the difficulty with all contemporary attempts to restore natural-law doctrines.

The exciting part of the book is contained in the first few chapters. Here Mr. Lippmann argues very ably that our

modern democracies have come close to ruin because of the decline in the power of the executive government as against that of the popularly elected legislature. The root vice of modern democracy, he says, is the Jacobinical doctrine of popular sovereignty. Jacobinism with its "general will" leads inevitably to modern totalitarianism. But he still hopes that democracy and liberty can both be preserved without the one destroying the other. Even though he exaggerates the parlousness of our contemporary crisis, he has some very interesting things to say in these early chapters. But when he ends up with some stale platitudes on natural law, one begins to see that the trouble is not so much with modern democracy as with Walter Lippmann. He is one of these tender-minded Platonists (though he was a pupil of William James) who just can't stand the chaos and confusion of our modern world and yearns for a nice respectable principle of order.

F.H.U.

JOHN RUSKIN: Joan Evans; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 447; \$5.00.

Miss Evans' book forms an excellent introduction to Ruskin for the general reader. It is less aimless than Quennell, less ponderous than Leon, and, though also much less incisive than Wilenski, more up to date: a great deal of biographical source material has come to light since Wilenski's book appeared in 1933. Ruskin's diaries, which Miss Evans is helping to edit, form part of this material, though they seem unlikely, to judge by her quotations from them, to alter our conception of Ruskin to any startling degree. Certainly the structure of her book is conventional enough. In general outline it follows Ruskin's own autobiography, *Præterita*, and summarizes briefly the themes of his major works in chronological order.

Few people require more charity and patience from a biographer than Ruskin. "A tragedy without a villain" is Miss Evans' excellent phrase for his life. Going through it, from childhood, a mixture of coddling and stupid severity that gave him a parental fixation all his life, through the squalor of his unconsummated marriage and annulment, through the deeper squalor of the dreadful Rose La Touche business, through all the low comedy of Winton school, the St. George's Guild and the Whistler libel suit, into the final misery of madness that lasted for at least a quarter of his life, one finds pathetically few moments of the dignity and nobility that most of us feel ought to be the normal insulation of greatness. And then through it all is the constant downpour of words—thirty-nine huge closely printed volumes of them, much of it wonderful stuff certainly, but full of roller-coaster rhetoric and bushel baskets of some of the most stupefying blither ever run off a linotype. There are two groups of Ruskin scholars: those who think of him as an important art critic who became obsessed with a quixotic desire to reform the world, and those who think of him as a well-to-do amateur who got fed up with feeding the English bourgeoisie with moralized culture and began to tell them a few facts about their society. Miss Evans belongs, somewhat dogmatically, to the former group. But both groups have to agree that Ruskin wrote much that was opinionated, wrong-headed, arrogant, emotionally stampeded and crassly ignorant even in their chosen field of interest.

Miss Evans keeps her temper very well, in spite of a number of flat-footed moral judgments. Such adverbs as "wisely" and "rightly" define actions that she approves of, and "whimsy," "fancy" and a number of psychological terms define the vagaries of Ruskin's later style. Carlyle admired *Ethics of the Dust*; Miss Evans does not, and remarks sternly: "such kindness when it is disguised as the criticism of an equal can do nothing but harm." She accepts the

Wilenski view, which seems well established, that Ruskin was a manic-depressive, but sometimes she reads humorous passages from his letters (which contain much of Ruskin's best prose) in an unnecessarily clinical light. Nor does she come up with anything very positive in the way of an estimate of Ruskin. She thinks of him as a kind of senile lyricist: "what his critics fail to recognize is that his feelings were not roused by the emotions of a mature man but were attuned to the music of youth." But I do not know why she says: "Ruskin was in the strictest sense of the word an aesthete: a man for whom the act of perception was the highest exercise of the mind and soul," when her whole book proves that he practically never made an aesthetic judgment that was not under the shadow of a moral anxiety.

I wish some student of Ruskin would take his later works on myth and science, with all their allusiveness, digression, cranky absurdities and sometimes actual free association, more seriously. The thing that seems to me to hold Ruskin together is iconography: the sense of a vast system of design and occult correspondences manifesting itself in art and revealed by nature, which inspires alike his interest in architecture and in crystals, in the Bible and in clouds, in Greek myths and in brotherhoods of devout gardeners. Miss Evans feels that once he loses his "spontaneous sense of Beauty" he "can only set his course by the winds of passion and the waves of resentment." This perhaps underestimates his sense of direction, which is not toward the interpretation of art but toward the discovery of the principles on which it imitates nature, and which would end ultimately in a kind of personal conquest of art. Miss Evans quotes his remark to Lord Conway at the very end of his sane life: "I have come to the conclusion that it is not Art that I loved but Nature: in fact I believe I have hated Art." This terrible flash of self-revelation might well become the basis of someone's study of Ruskin.

Northrop Frye

GEORGE ORWELL: Laurence Brander; Longmans Green; pp. 212; \$2.50.

George Orwell was not only one of the best English writers of the past fifty years; he was also one of the few who came to grips with the events and forces that have shaped our world. Unfortunately most people know him only as the author of *Animal Farm* and 1984—his most striking but not his most characteristic books. Mr. Brander has done us a service by preparing a critical assessment of Orwell's life and work which will give many a better rounded picture of the man and the writer.

After giving a brief sketch of Orwell's life, Mr. Brander goes on to discuss all his writings in turn. Even Orwell devotees will be surprised at the number and variety of his writings: his political and literary essays (found in such collections as *England Your England*, *Shooting an Elephant*, *Inside the Whale*, *Dickens*, *Dali and Others*); his vivid autobiographical sketches of *Down and Out in Paris and London*; his first novel, *Burmese Days*, about English life in India; his early, almost forgotten London novels, *A Clergyman's Daughter* and *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*; his study of unemployment and poverty in England's north country, *The Road to Wigan Pier*; his autobiographical account of the Spanish war, *Homage to Catalonia*; his last London novel, *Coming Up for Air*; and finally his modern Aesop's fable, *Animal Farm*, and his last terrifying prophecy, 1984.

Mr. Brander guides us carefully through all these books, and gives a wealth of quotations from them. In fact, the quotations are by far the most striking and best written parts of his book—which is no condemnation of Mr. Brander, for Orwell's prose style has very few rivals. Its special quality is clarity, and its effect is best described in Orwell's own phrase: "Good prose is like a windowpane."

Orwell was two things above all: he was an individualist, and he was a preacher. As the individualist he said: "Acceptance of any party political discipline seems to be incompatible with literary integrity," and as the preacher: "Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism as I understand it." The last is the key phrase: as Orwell understood it, democratic socialism meant decency, justice, and liberty, and those are the goals he fought for with all his resources of intelligence and humor. As Bramwell puts it, "His life was dedicated to the defence of liberty, and this he felt was the whole duty of a writer in a political age."

There will probably be better books written about Orwell in the future, but until they come along, this one will prove rewarding reading.

Edith Fowke

COMPANY MANNERS: Louis Kronenberger; McClelland & Stewart (Bobbs-Merrill); pp. 229; \$3.50.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE: Jacques Barzun; Little, Brown; pp. 344; \$5.75.

Mr. Kronenberger's theme is the coarsening of American manners and culture since the 1920's, the period in which he set his own course in life and in art. In this series of exuberantly iconoclastic essays, he assails, among other things, Broadway theatre, television, scientism and academic joylessness in general, the career-mindedness of modern youth, and the vaunted American sense of humor. Epigrams, gracefully controlled hyperbole, and an indignation which is always sufficiently modulated or humorous to remain commensurate to its object are his weapons. His wit frequently is piercing as well as clever: beside it, Barzun's flip tone and Randall Jarrell's strained gaginess in *Pictures from an Institution* seem feeble. So do the sort of attacks on American vulgarities which Canadians (and, for that matter, a good many Americans themselves) are prone to indulge in. Next to Kronenberger's tough urbanity they sound like the cluckings of governesses who can't understand why the little boys want to take the little girls' dresses off.

Company Manners is already being pillaged for quotable quotes, so it is hard to resist a few. Complaining about the failure of contemporary intellectuals to be truly interesting people, Kronenberger refers to "the ambassadorial people one meets at dinner—I say ambassadorial since they seem accredited to represent Sociology or Anthropology the way another man represents Sweden or Brazil." This is funny, but it also hits the mark. On American humor: "Says a character in Sholem Aleichem: 'I was, with God's help, a poor man.' Americans, far from savoring such remarks, would quite fail to grasp their meaning. Humor to most Americans, is not an inward way of looking at life, but an outward, good-guy way of living it." On highbrow conformity: "They will play tennis but not golf, poker but not bridge, watch movies but not television, relax over detective stories but not over crossword puzzles. We all know why: golf and bridge are symbols of everything bourgeois and often evoke unpleasant memories of a bourgeois past. But intrinsically the differences are trifling, are largely matters of taste and are frequently examples of the most unworthy snobism."

In his determination to view with a jaundiced eye, Mr. Kronenberger is occasionally a bit unreasonable. Deploring the elevation of "men of fierce passions and strong convictions" like Melville, Dostoyevsky, and Lawrence as literary idols, he asks for a less apocalyptic tone, a "salubrious breeze-swept temperate" cultural climate. He is surely right to chide the "cultural authoritarianism" which requires critics to write "the nineteenth critical volume on Herman

Melville," but it is not just the tides of fashion or an over-reaction to "middlebrow adulteration" that has made such writers contemporary heroes. Granting all the phoney stances borrowed from them, in the full context of our time they indisputably have the most to say to us.

There are many valuable things well said in Barzun's book, but it suffers by comparison with *Company Manners*. It is too long, too rambling, and the coy self-consciousness reflected in its title irritates. The opening chapter is an eloquent and convincing celebration of the historical uniqueness of American experience, but it resembles almost down to the very phrases chosen Wyndham Lewis' theme in *America and the Cosmic Man*, a book which was almost completely ignored when it was published in 1949 before paens to America had become fashionable among intellectuals. Barzun very effectively demolishes the objections to American life of the "professional European." One wishes Canada were a more important country, so that he might have taken on the "professional Canadian" also. Particularized criticism, however, is usually more persuasive than broad affirmation and Barzun is at his best when he starts meting out harsh words. (His subtitle is *A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words*.) His jeers at the New York subway system, the fare-boxes on buses, overspecialisation in the medical profession, and other similarly concrete things are highly amusing and are the best things in the book.

Dennis H. Wrong

SELECTED WRITINGS OF DE SADE: selected and translated by Leonard de Saint-Yves; Copp Clark (Peter Owen); pp. 306; \$6.00.

The present translation, which appears to convey the flavor of De Sade's particular idiom, contains fragments of *Les 120 journées de Sodome*, *Aline et Valcour*, *La philosophie dans le boudoir*, and other works. Donatien-Alphonse-François, Marquis de Sade, adhered to the kind of mechanistic nature philosophy not uncommon in the late eighteenth century, and cannot be said to have added striking innovations of his own; as an author, literary historians so far have not admitted him to their pantheon. Strangely enough this man, who has been accepted neither as a philosopher nor as an author, influenced in the course of the nineteenth century several of the most outstanding writers of the Romantic movement, and later became a patron saint of the surrealists. His individualist revolt had extra-artistic roots and thus he influenced people whose intention was the revitalization not only of art but of life. To be understood, De Sade has to be placed in relation to his time and civilization; to account for his influence it is probably necessary to recognize to what extent the stimuli which provoked him are still in evidence today, perhaps magnified.

His most important works, above all the various versions of *Justine*, are novels of violence and belong to the literature of extreme situations. This is one way in which they are up-to-date; their modernity is also due to another characteristic, namely by their repudiation of current ideology. De Sade's writings are not typically useful, pleasing, enlightening; what they do is foreshadow the sensibility of the coming age of hard-boiled crime novels. His own life history will provide evidence as to the historic origins of this sensibility. He was a member of a stratum of pre-revolutionary French society where morality was almost extinct, and where the dissolution of respectable values would make a man doubt the value of respectability. The Revolution of 1789 aimed not only at the overthrow of arbitrary government, it also stimulated people to think about the various innocuous disguises in which power may be concealed. Gilbert Lely, speaking of De Sade's "positive mystique," may have hit upon an appro-

priate formula. Without using the term, De Sade showed that he was aware of the phenomenon of ideology; his most savage attacks were directed at "the brotherhood of man" "harmony of interests"—the ideals not only of the church but also of the liberal thinkers who provided the slogans for the Revolution. He passionately refused to be duped by such notions and was disillusioned in advance. The most provocative sections of his work are those which register and enlarge the shocks and convulsions of his own life and society. The problem of the unarmed individual in the face of hidden and overwhelming powers constitutes their main theme; and this alone could explain his continued appeal.

Jelle C. Riemersma

ATOMS IN THE FAMILY: MY LIFE WITH ENRICO FERMI: Laura Fermi; University of Toronto Press; pp. 267; \$4.00.

The death of Enrico Fermi on November 28, 1954, ended, at the age of fifty-three, the life here chronicled by his wife Laura. The outline of that life is readily set forth: the brilliant student at Pisa and the blossoming of Italian physics in Rome; the Fermi-Dirac statistics at twenty-four and slow neutron reactions at thirty-three; the Nobel prize and final departure from Italy in 1938; Einstein's famous letter to President Roosevelt ("Sir: Some recent work by E. Fermi . . ."); the first chain-reacting pile December 2, 1942, and the first atomic explosion July 16, 1945; and a centre of enthusiasm and inspiration in nuclear physics to the end.

The outline suggests the shifting scenes and events through which the author leads us. Of particular interest, because of their work in Canada, are the sketches of Rasetti and Persico and the somewhat younger Pontecorvo. Even Fuchs makes his appearance at wartime parties. There slowly emerge the characteristics of Fermi himself, the tremendous energy, the will to excel, the concentration on the matter of the moment. The author shows great skill in presenting the work of her husband who was neither political nor religious but was pre-eminently the specialist, the man who gets on with the job.

Certain questions are left unanswered. What did Fermi really think of Italian fascism in its early years? What was Fermi's personal reaction to the use of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima? Where did Fermi stand in the developing conflict of policies and personalities in American atomic science during his last years? The answers must be provided by the reader on the basis of the wealth of material on Fermi's reactions to less complex problems; the clues are all there. A good chronicle is something less, but also something more, than a finished biography. Laura Fermi has given the detail from which the reader, against his own background of science or politics or common humanity, can build up the biography of one of the great figures of our age.

William J. Noble.

CONCEPTS OF SPACE: Max Jammer; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 196; \$4.85.

The concept of space must always play a basic role in physics, in philosophy and in mathematics. Yet this concept is in general treated from very different points of view in these three disciplines. The mathematician deals with many spaces. These are merely collections of undefined "points" for which certain simple properties and relationships are postulated. From these postulates more complex geometric properties of the space are derived by logical deduction. These mathematical spaces are frankly products of the human mind and need have no relation to the "real space" in which the physical world is embedded. This "real space" is the domain of the physicist and although its nature and properties are one of his main concerns there

is good reason to believe that they can never be determined with certainty by experiment. The physicist, therefore, must choose, cafeteria style, that one among the available mathematical spaces which best fits his observed facts. The philosopher, too, must seek a concept of space which will explain the physical universe, but his methods are speculative rather than experimental and mathematical, and he must also take account of metaphysical and theological speculations.

In *Concepts of Space* Dr. Jammer traces the historical development of the idea of space from the ancient world to the present time. In so doing he guides the reader through the philosophical concepts of space of ancient Greece and mediaeval Europe; the theological speculation of the Judeo-Christian world; the emotionally satisfying but logically questionable Newtonian concept of absolute space, the controversies which it provoked and the spectacular scientific progress which it initiated; the nineteenth century mathematical discoveries of non-Euclidean spaces, by Lobatchewsky and Riemann, which so greatly expanded the cafeteria offerings referred to above; and at last the relativistic revolution of Einstein which finally overthrew the concept of absolute space.

The book is a well-documented, scholarly work, one which few men would be qualified to write because of the way in which the subject cuts across the three fields named. It should be of great interest to the professional philosopher, physicist and mathematician or to the layman with some training in these fields. There is a foreword by Albert Einstein.

D. C. Murdoch.

PRAIRIE PORTRAITS: Roy St. George Stubbs; McLelland & Stewart; pp. 176; \$3.00.

The six men who appear in biographical essays in *Prairie Portraits* are each unusual individuals in their own way, and even as a group could hardly pass as typical westerners. Four of them have been successful in law, and all six are of British stock. Not one of the six was born on the plains, but five were born poor anyway.

Three of the sketches—those of R. B. Bennett ("the central fact of his life was a great loneliness"), J. W. Dafoe ("at heart a thorough-going republican"), and Mr. Justice Dysart

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—are careful and routine performances, written with that air of scrupulous fairness that one finds in the courtroom addresses of a literate judge. The other three—A. J. Andrews, F. J. Dixon and E. J. McMurray—have a different appeal, partly because they bring together one of the prosecutors, one of the prosecuted, and one of the defending counsel from the trials that followed the Winnipeg General Strike. The best essay is that on Dixon, an early colleague of J. S. Woodsworth and a non-union champion of the strikers in 1919, who defended himself brilliantly when charged with seditious libel. Most of Dixon's own diaries and records have been destroyed by flood waters, and Mr. Stubbs has rendered a valuable service by piecing together Dixon's story.

As a biographer, Mr. Stubbs is both cautious and objective, and primarily a chronicler and commentator. He does not probe into motives, or try to dramatize his subjects' lives. He writes a clear and formal prose, and most of his pages are the depositions of an intelligent and interested witness. But while the style lacks warmth and color, and thus helps keep the portraits two-dimensional, the author's choice of subjects and incidents shows that he himself does not. Some day, I hope, he will write an essay on the St. George Stubbs whose sketch in the Parliamentary Guide for years included this fascinating note: "Apptd. to County Court Bench by King Govt., 1922; removed by Bennett Govt., 1933."

Norman Ward

THE STUNTED STRONG: Fred Cogswell; University of New Brunswick; pp. 16; 50c.

This is a short sonnet sequence on New Brunswick rural character; fourteen sonnets—one character per sonnet and two summing up sonnets—one at the end and one at the beginning. In these latter the author explains that although the people he describes have been stunted by their environment, nevertheless this process has given them a strength and a consistency that should endear them toward us. As the various men and women walk by one gathers that the trick is to watch how each one is stunted and also to feel pathos. Some of the pathos works—I'll feel sorry for anyone who has to prove their manhood by sticking a pig any day—but I feel Mr. Cogswell tries to get away with too much of it. "She helped her brother with his chicken farm," is so flat it's interesting but there are too many lines like that.

Often too the sestet of each sonnet seemed to discover a heart of gold or a silver lining where it might have been more fun to discover a nest of vipers or a pot of glue. I thought New Brunswick poetry would be dryer than this and really more of a whiz at rhyming—after all, they've been at it longer than the rest of us. Mr. Cogswell, of course, does find so many good and interesting rhymes that perhaps it is rather mean to point out that a few seem a bit in the way; for example, in "Deacon Johnson" the grotesque under examination has shot his brother instead of a groundhog, if I understand the story correctly. But the rhyme forces Mr. Cogswell to blur it all by saying he "put a bullet through his brother's cap." Oh well, caps can be mended.

James Reaney

Our Contributors

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CORRECTION

[In the last issue the name of Jan Meisel appeared in error under "The Old Fiscal Orthodoxy," whereas he was the author of "Revision of the Charter." Our apologies.—Eds.]

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